THE BYSTANDER
VOL. XLIV.—No. 576

DECEMBER 16, 1914

[REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER]

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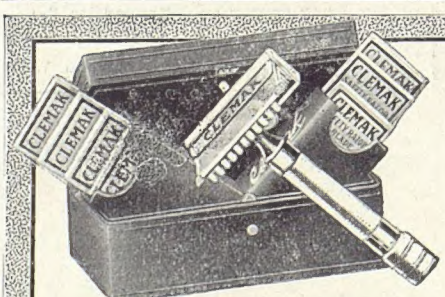

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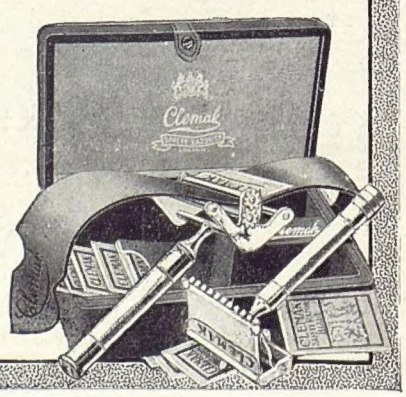

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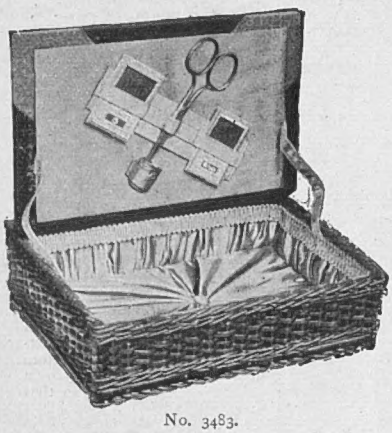

No. 3483.

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No. 2471

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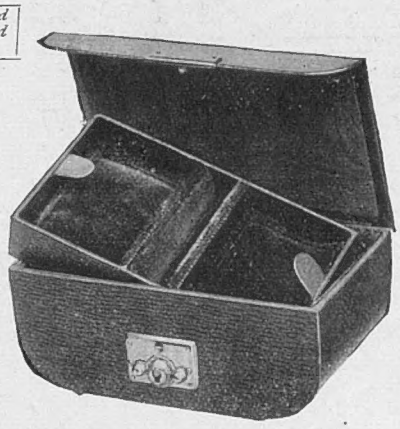

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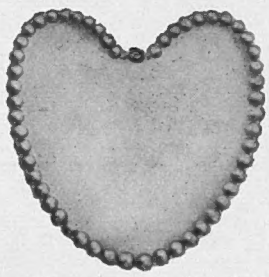

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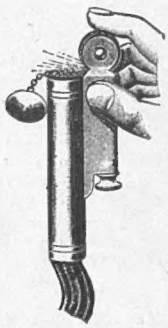
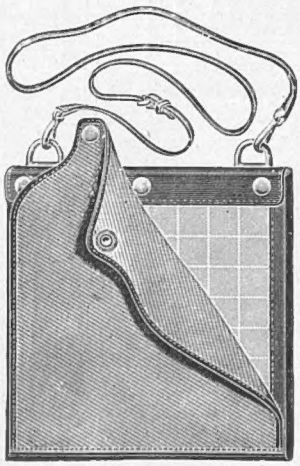


New TINDER LIGHTER, Nickel (as illustration) 1/6
SOLID SILVER, with extra Sparking Irons and spare Tinder 7/6



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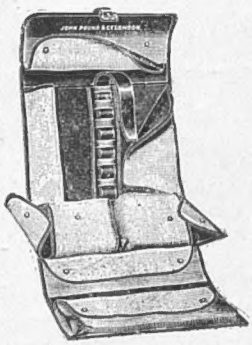

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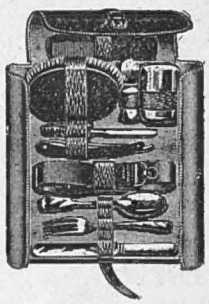

Waterproof Canvas Holdall, completely fitted, as illustration, 15/6

The Bystander, December 16, 1914.—No. 576. Vol. XLIV.

The BYSTANDER

VAN TROMP (to Admiral Sturdee, the victor of the Falkland Islands): "Well, I did a bit of 'sweeping' in my time, but upon my word, Admiral, you are what you call a 'vacuum cleaner'!!"

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War Comments

BY THE BYSTANDER

A Certain "Tidiness"

THE gallantry of our Navy *va sans dire;* but there is one quality which may be discovered in it for the first time—its tidiness. If it has not, at the moment of writing, been able to tidy up the supermess known as the German High Seas Fleet, it has flicked from the seas a number of less considerable trifles with a thoroughness that shows it to be a carefully brought up force.

***

The Clean-Up to Date

The Navy kept the seas tidy for the transports to France; it swept them as tidy as possible from German mines and submarines; it tidied up the Bight of Heligoland; also the mouth of the Scheldt; it went around the Indian Ocean with a vacuum-cleaner and rid it of the *Emden*. Now it has applied the same tidying process to the squadron of five cruisers that have littered for so long the waters of the South Pacific. It is likely that before very long the High Seas will be as spick-and-span from any signs of German naval "matter out-of-place" as the nicest of old ladies could desire.

***

Naval Brooms Ashore

The Navy has not been content, however, with tidying up in its own element. It has lent its brooms to its sister service, the Army, for the purpose of sweeping from the Flemish coast certain attempted fortifications and many tens of thousands of actual German soldiers. So clean is the coast in question that the microbe known as the Germ-Hun seems positively unable to exist in the neighbourhood. Jack has been known as the Handy Man. To me, he now figures as the Tidy Man.

***

An Explanation

Apropos the Navy, I seem not to have made myself quite as clear in last week's notes as I would have liked. But that is ever the fate of the mere civilian when he ventures to air any ideas on naval questions. Let me say, however, that my observations on the effect of mines, submarines, fast cruisers, and the like, on the mastery of the seas by even the biggest and finest of fleets, are those held by no less a personage than Sir Percy Scott, who said that "as the motor had driven the horse from the road, so has the submarine driven the battleship from the sea." Let it be said at once, however, that both Sir Percy and myself—if the Navy will pardon the impertinence of the conjunction—are thinking not so much of the Navy as it is to-day as of the Navy as it will be to-morrow.

***

Looking Ahead

As "NAVAL OFFICER" (a correspondent) says, we, too, have mines, and submarines, and fast cruisers, and have used them with deadly effect against the enemy in the present war. But may it not be said of the era that is to come that Britain will have to consider seriously whether battleships and cruisers will be sufficiently masters of their own movements to be as valuable as they have in the past as our chief defensive weapon? In offering my suggestion, I may say that I was practically quoting word for word the opinion of a Naval Officer.

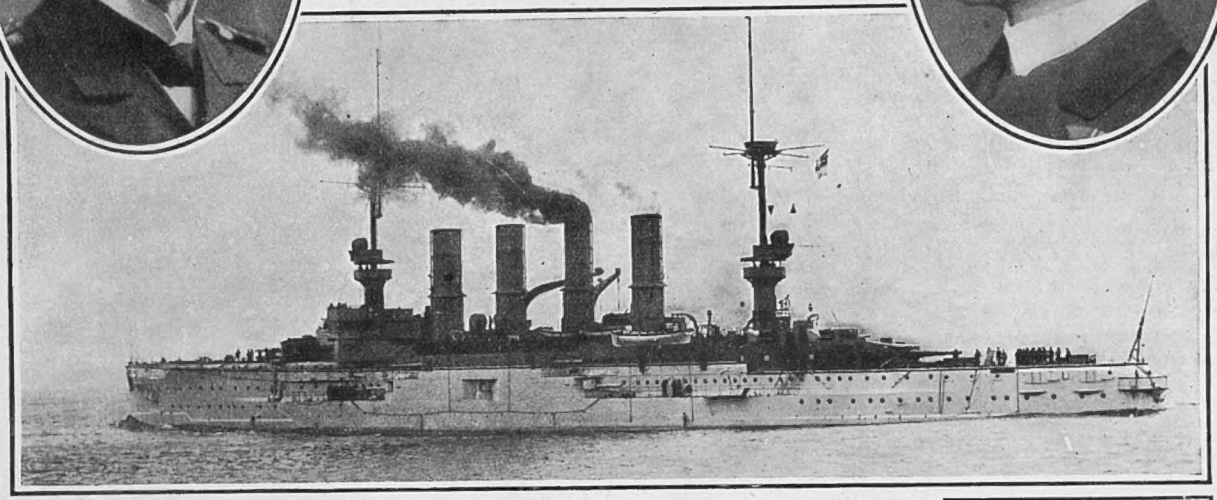
***

Home Defence in the Future

In previous weeks I have been among the most abandoned of sceptics as to the chances of a "raid." In saying that "it's khaki that counts," I was thinking more especially of the home defence of the future. It has been thanks to the "omnipotent Navy" more than to anything else that we have kept up so small an army, with the result that we have had now to call the whole nation to arms with a suddenness that had much better been avoided. In the future there will certainly need to be a large standing Army,

(*Continued on page 374*)

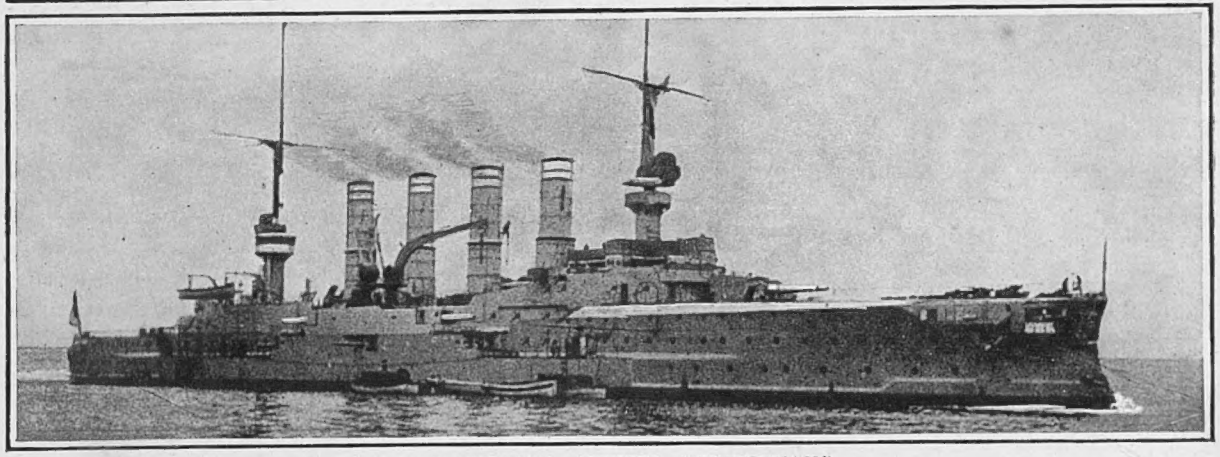
The Tidying Up of the High Seas



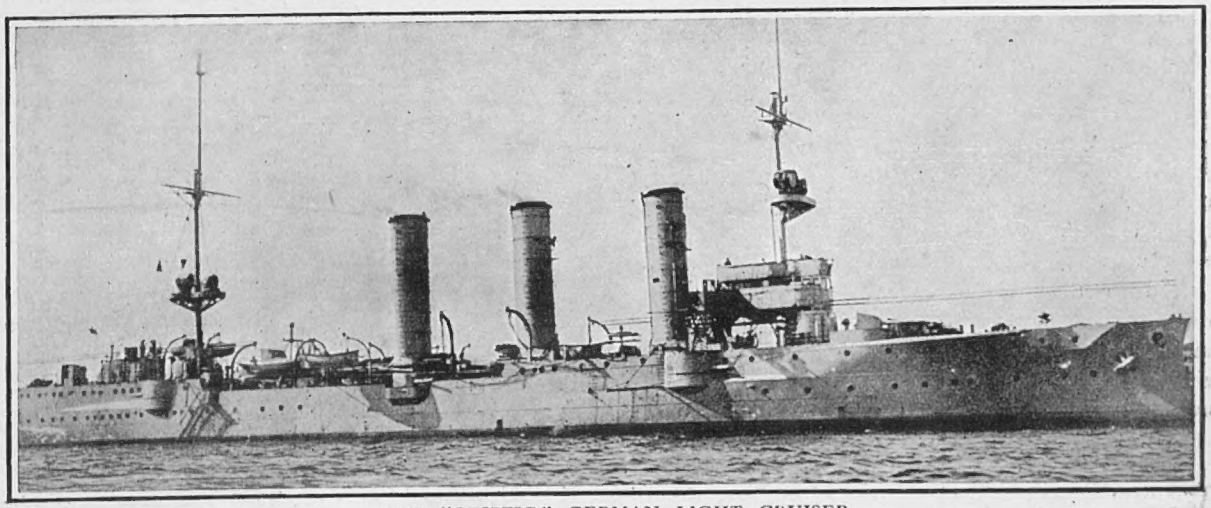
GRAF VON SPEE, THE DEFEATED GERMAN ADMIRAL

THE GERMAN CRUISER "SCHARNHORST"
The flagship of Admiral Von Spee, sunk by Sir Frederick Sturdee's Squadron on December 8 near the Falkland Islands

Photograph Elliott & Fry
REAR-ADMIRAL SIR F. C. D. STURDEE, K.C.B.



THE GERMAN CRUISER "GNEISENAU"
A sister ship to the "Scharnhorst," and the sharer of her fate. They were two of the most powerful cruisers in the German Navy



THE "LEIPZIC," GERMAN LIGHT CRUISER
Third on the list of Admiral Sturdee's "bag"

This latest exploit of our Navy means not only that it has "got home" on the two ships which sank our "Monmouth" and "Good Hope." It means that the process of tidying up the High Seas is going on slowly but surely and relentlessly, and that nearly every week brings with it greater security for the carrying trade of the Allies

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

and our Navy—while remaining superior to anything else that floats—will be adapted, in size and composition, to other and more active duties than merely protecting the Englishman's Home.

***

The Navy's Disclaimer

My correspondent is right in one of his points: he says that the claim to "rule the waves" has never been made by the Navy itself, but by poets, song-writers, editors, and the Great B.P. Quite so. It is not the habit of the mind of the Navy that needs to be re-cast, but that of those who sing about it. I am humbly ready to share with other wielders of the pen any deserved reproach that may be cast upon them in the present days of mightier weapons.

***

Was It Intentional?

Simultaneously with the news of the Naval victory, of the Serbian defeat of the Austrians, of the total collapse of the South African rebellion and the death of Beyers, came that of the alleged serious illness of the Emperor William. One of the placards proclaimed "A Day of Good News," and one wondered which of the items above cited was most in the editor's mind.

***

The Perfectly Candid View

Let us—shall we?—be frank. The possibility of the death of William II. came to the mind of everybody in the country, and it would be sheer affectation to pretend that there was any sorrow associated with the thought. Everybody in England and the Allied countries, and everybody in most of the neutral countries, believes that the war is the deliberate fault of William II., a word from whom at the critical moment could have saved Peace. Instead, William spoke the opposite word, and gave us War—the war for which every movement proved that Germany was wickedly and treacherously prepared.

***

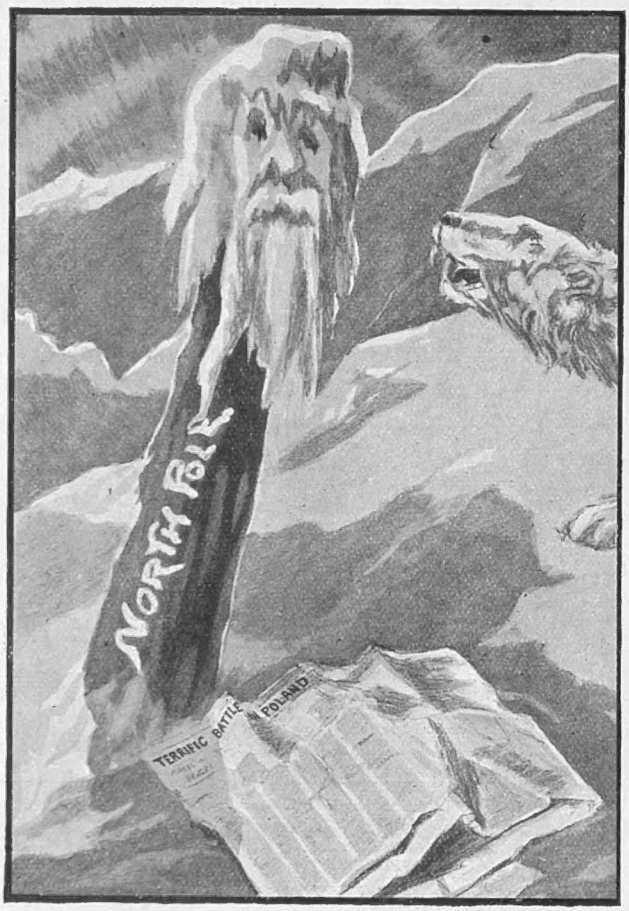
"J'Accuse!"

William II. has robbed Europe of millions of her sons: he has shattered the happiness of millions of homes. If he were himself to fall a victim to the war of his own making it were a just retribution. If there is anything admirable in his character, let History seek it out and let Posterity be left to admire it. For our part, the moment William deliberately went to this wicked war he ceased to exist in the mind as anything other than an enemy of humanity.

***

William III. Would Not Count

The accession of William III. would probably not be the danger that many fear, because William III. would not enjoy the reputation of his father either as a soldier, as a statesman or as a man of business. I doubt very much whether the German States would rally round this egregious young man, whose exploits as a commander are the subject of universal derision.



NORTH POLE: "Morning, brother South! You and I can at least agree that we're about the only Poles it's worth being these days"

***

A Nice Point

The papers seem to have discovered in the police a new bugbear, the trouble being that they will have the supervision of the morals of the absent soldier's wife. I agree in not wishing to give the police any of this sort of power. But the fact remains that a deal of misspending of the separation allowance is going on, particularly in the poorer districts. The people who attack the authorities do not offer any alternative means of keeping an eye on the recipients.

***

Conscription!

The nearest approach to Conscription seems to exist in regard to the Royal Naval Reserve. At least, so I deduce from the remarkable number of men who are in this Corps without any other qualification than that they just exist. Is it true that Mr. Churchill has set the press-gang to work in the political clubs, with the result that few members can be sure one day that they will not wake up on the next to find themselves Naval Reservists?

***

Another Surprise That Failed

Where was von Spee's squadron bound for when it entered the Atlantic? The answer may be sought in a cryptic message from Berlin about a month ago that England's next naval surprise would take place off her own South Western coasts. Anyway, it won't now.

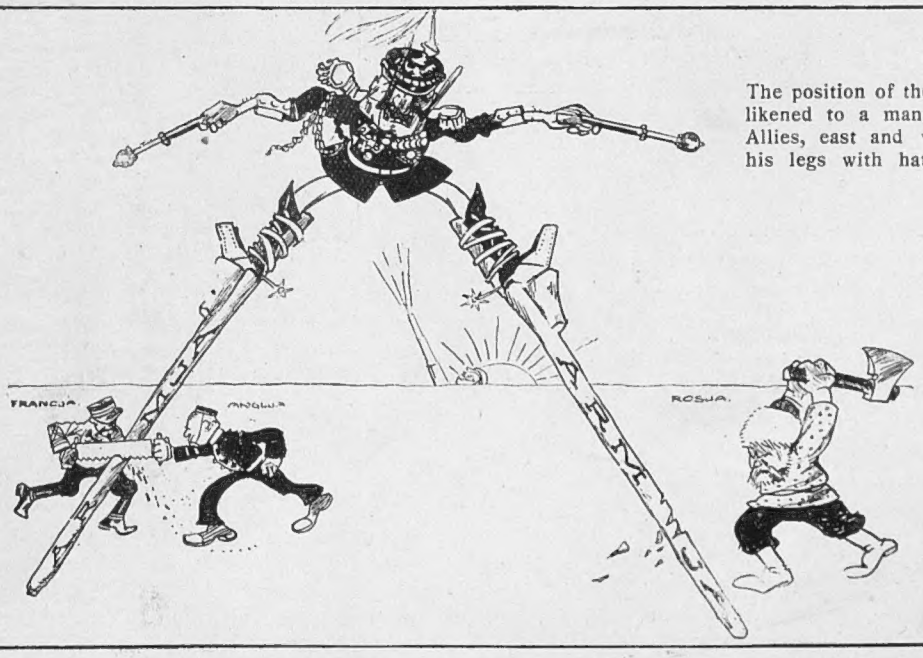
Poland Keeps Up Her Spirits

WAR CARTOONS FROM WAR-STAINED WARSAW

Italy seizes her opportunity

No sooner does the Kaiser pump air into the figure of Germany than the Allies let it out again

A change of head-gear suggested for William II.



The position of the German giant likened to a man on stilts, the Allies, east and west, going at his legs with hatchet and saw

During the war some of the cleverest of cartoons have been published in the Polish weekly paper "Mucha," a few specimens from one issue of which are reproduced above. We congratulate Warsaw on being so able to see the humorous side of a war which has raged for four months so near her gates

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

Why Wimborne?

I have no objection to Lord Wimborne, who has led the life of the usual party politician of rank, and is "some" sportsman. But why is he thought the best man to fill the very responsible and difficul place of next Irish Viceroy? He it will be who will have the management of Ireland under Home Rule; he will have to dispose of social and political troubles during what is likely to be a very difficult and anxious period. Loyal as Ireland is now, after the war we are bound to see a revival of the old fight, and a British statesman of the highest capacity, tact, and force of personality should fill the rôle. But perhaps the Liberals think so too, and contemplate Lord Wimborne merely as a stop-gap pending the arrival of the Unionists, if one may mention the existence of such people in these days of party truce.

Photograph] LORD WIMBORNE *[Lafayette*

Who has been mentioned—we do not know why—as the probable successor to the Earl of Aberdeen in the Viceroyalty of Ireland

* * *

The Empire Remains

Germany, by the way, has now decided that she has "no use" not only for Ireland, but also for South Africa. Both rebellions have failed: the one because it never took place, the other because it —did. Before they dispose of De Wet, I hope no effort will be spared to make that gentleman divulge exactly what the Germans said to him in those times of peace which now prove to have been so very preparatory for war. Perhaps the answer could best be given in good round figures. Another item of news I am expecting daily is that Germany has no desire to go any further in the matter of Egypt. She has learned from bitter experience that there is a British Empire, and that it hangs together never so well as when anybody tries to break it up.

THE LATE REBEL BEYERS (right)

The South African rebel, who met his death in attempting to evade capture. This picture, taken while he was on a visit to England a few years ago, shows him with the late Mr. Bennett Burleigh, the famous war correspondent

* * *

"Downwriter" Among the Prophets

As the papers are so busily engaged in rehashing their prophecies of the war, we have one or two of our own, and give our readers due warning that these may appear at any moment. Meanwhile, my contributor, "DOWNWRITER," insists that I reproduce from his article of November 26 last year the following paragraph, in which he heralded the Tango as the possible saviour of the British Empire:

> If we have the energy and the enthusiasm to learn the dance of the hundred steps, and to do it properly, we are physically ready to do many other things. For, hang it all, being taught to Tango is at least as difficult, and only a shade less dull than being taught to drill. The Tango may yet be the salvation of England. Having been forced so easily into shaking our shoulders to rag-time and acquiring the one, two, and Tango-steps of negroid America, is it beyond hope that we may be lured somehow into putting rifles on to our shoulders to mark time and acquiring the no less difficult goose-step of Continental militarism?

Verily, I believe my contributor saw correctly! There is a great deal of the ex-Tangoist about the khaki-nut as he seemeth unto me. The spirit in which he has gone to the war is precisely the same as that in which he formerly went to the dance.

H.R.H. PRINCE ALBERT

Not yet in a fit state of health to rejoin his ship, the "Collingwood," but hopeful of doing so shortly

The Tribulations of Serbia

SCENES OF DEVASTATION IN HER SHELL-SWEPT CAPITAL

RUINS AND WRECKAGE CAUSED BY THE BOMBARDMENT OF BELGRADE

A RUINED STREET IN BELGRADE PHOTOGRAPHED UNDER SHELL-FIRE

HOUSES AND A TOBACCO FACTORY IN BELGRADE DESTROYED BY SHELL-FIRE

The above pictures were taken by Madame Grouitch, who, as the wife of the former Serbian Minister in London, now attached to the Serbian Foreign Office, is well known in British Society. Madame Grouitch, who is pioneering most of the volunteer medical relief work for the Serbian Army, is again in this country with the object of further enlisting the sympathy of those able to help either with donations towards the Red Cross work, or with hospital appliances, of which there is still real need. Indeed, the doctors never know when the supply of bandages or the stock of chloroform will run out, while the wounded soldiers, having few blankets, often have to sit in bed in their trench great coats. All help sent to her, c/o Balkan Relief Committee, 195, Queen's Gate, will be gratefully appreciated

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

The Tipperary Spirit

While on this subject, a good word is deserved by the latest recruiting poster, which invites youth to follow in the wake of a very cheery-looking "Tommy." That is a far far better thing to do to attract the recruit than to harrow his feelings and scare him out of his seven senses.

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The Civil Volunteer

The old lady of the War Office continues to survey through her lorgnettes the person known as the Civil Volunteer, and even yet does not seem to know quite what he is, or what he is doing about the place. In times of peace, an able-bodied civilian willing to devote his spare time to military training is a fit and proper, and even a respected, member of the community, entitled to call himself a Territorial, and to wear the King's uniform. In times of war, the same sort of able-bodied civilian, willing and able to do the self-same thing, is considered to have no status at all. The War Office in times of war can only think in terms of whole-time service. The fact that six months after he has joined his corps a Civil Volunteer will be in practically the same state of readiness for active service as were many of the soldiers of all nations at the time they were sent to the front is not allowed for. Yet there the fact is.

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"Mark Time!"

A Civil Volunteer joining now will, by next June, be as efficient a member of His Majesty's forces as, and more efficient than, many of the whole-time soldiers, in that he is possessed of superior intelligence, is probably an athlete and a sportsman already, and has neither time nor the inclination for the dissipations which, as Lord Kitchener doubtless knows, are playing the devil with many of his whole-time men. The Civil Volunteers must not get impatient, though. If they keep on training, and their leaders keep on badgering the War Office, that institution will sooner or later see the point.

SUGGESTED FOR THE CIVIL VOLUNTEERS!
The blouse of the Indian troops has inspired some members of the Civil Volunteer forces with the idea of imitation. It is distinctive with a vengeance: it is distinguished: and it is also useful, as C.V.'s could slip it easily over their ordinary business clothes, with puttees to disguise any differences in the matter of leg-gear. Though the suggestion is "receiving the consideration of the War Office," it may yet have some practical effect

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The Uniform Question

The question of a uniform is as yet unsettled: but it should not be unsettleable. The uniform should be something distinctive from the regulars', into which a "C.V." can slip, on leaving his business, with the least amount of trouble. Some kind of elongated Norfolk jacket, with puttees to cover the legs, would seem to meet the case. One officer has, I hear, proposed that C.V.'s should emulate their Indian fellow-subjects and wear over their ordinary clothes an overall such as is shown in the photograph herewith, also with puttees. Why not? It would look quite becoming, and, as many of the C.V.'s are already wearers of beards, no more incongruous than it is with the Indians. A turban has not yet been suggested, but, again, why not? We may as well look wholly and handsomely Oriental while we are about it.

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"Civilised" Warfare

Proposed "Christmas Day armistice!" Well, if the Germans like to avoid bombarding any cathedrals, hospitals, cemeteries, or lunatic asylums on the 25th inst. by all means let them do so. As the Allies are not engaged in such desecrations on ordinary days, they do not need to be asked to cease them on the day of the birth of the Founder of the "civilisation" which Europe is at present enjoying.

***

Was the "Mail" a True Prophet?

The *Daily Mail* has issued a book which seeks to prove that it has been the true prophet of the present conflagration, in that it has published during the last eighteen years reams of "Scare-mongerings" written by all sorts of people, on the subject of Germany's warlike intentions. Credit where it is due. To my contemporary we undoubtedly owe much of our present knowledge of the state of the German mind, and of the German military machine. But to rub too well in the fact that one has been among the prophets of disaster is never quite wise, and in the case of war, a prophet thereby confesses that he may have done a good deal to bring it about. The *Mail's* constant "scare-mongering"—that is to say, its warnings to Britain to be prepared for all sorts of horrors, and its harpings on our incapacity to meet the same—have given the Germans the very impression of British effeteness and timidity which was the cause of their discounting the danger of our intervention.

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What the "Mail" Did Not Foretell

The *Mail*, as I have pointed out before, prophesied *a* war between Germany and Britain, but it did not prophesy *this* war. It warned us of a sudden and

Future Queen of Hanover?

THE PART WHICH MAY ONE DAY BE PLAYED BY THE KAISER'S ONLY DAUGHTER

H.I.H. THE DUCHESS OF BRUNSWICK

Formerly Princess Victoria Louise of Prussia, only daughter of the German Emperor. Her husband is the reigning Duke of Brunswick-Lunebourg, who has never yet relinquished his hereditary claim to the throne of Hanover, despite the combined pressure of the Kaiser and the Crown Prince. It is supposed, if the Allies should finally defeat the Germans, that Prussia would be deprived of the rule of Hanover, which would be reconstituted a separate kingdom

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

deliberate attack on Great Britain, which this war emphatically was not. On the contrary! It was we who were sudden, and it was our Navy that was first on the scene, and our Expeditionary Force was, at all events, on the spot long before it was expected. That is why the Germans write Odes to Hate, and vow such awful vengeance on us. If it is the intention of the *Daily Mail* to cover the present Government with glory, by showing how splendidly they *frustrated* the particular war which the *Daily Mail* scared us all into expecting, they certainly succeed in that object.

***

Where It Has "Made Good"—

The "Cocoa Press," which the *Mail* attacks for having believed in Germany's innocence, makes an effective reply in a penny pamphlet. It reminds the *Mail* that it said about our present Allies, France and Russia, most of the things it has said about Germany when it was they with whom we had dissensions, and calls it "the incendiary of journalism, ever ready to set the world in a blaze to make a newspaper placard—a preacher of war abroad, and of discord and hate at home." I don't follow the *Daily News* thus far. The *Mail*, appealing to the million, has certainly done as all other popular journals must needs do: it has sought to give us the excitement we buy newspapers for. One day, the sensation would be a war-scare—with France, Germany, Russia, or anybody else on the list—another day, standard bread, aeroplanes, sweet peas, or hidden talent at golf. It has done exceedingly well the sort of business it is out to do.

***

—And Where It Errs

Where it errs in the present boast is in the cheap scorn it casts on journalists, who, like the pacificists, stuck to their principles, and let the halfpence go. Men like that have their uses in the lives of nations, and—let me remind the *Mail*—they were very nearly right in discrediting the likelihood of the present war. It is clear as daylight that Germany didn't want, and didn't expect, what she has got from the "contemptible little Army" which baffled her in France, and from the Fleet which throttles her at sea, and that if her diplomats had not been such arrant fools she would not have gone to war against an Alliance which included Britain.

The Germans announce that they will reach Calais if it costs them their last man.

Scene: Calais. *Time: Six months hence.*

OFFICER: "What the deuce is this?"

PRIVATE ATKINS: "The invasion of England, sir!"

"Monte" to the Rescue

A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED PORTRAIT OF THE PRINCE OF MONACO

Photograph *Bassano*

The Côte d'Azur is not content, this winter, merely to sit at the receipt of the custom of pleasure. It has adapted itself to the times, and is now putting forth all its efforts to welcome the wounded in the cause of the Allied nations. A large proportion of the receipts provided by extra concerts, entertainments, etc., in the Casino at Monte Carlo, will, by desire of H.S.H. the Prince of Monaco, be reserved for the benefit of those who, wounded in the cause of France, seek to recuperate on the shores of the Mediterranean

How Winston Saved the Empire

BY
"SOTTO VOCE"

EVERYONE, not excluding Mr. Churchill, will agree that Mr. Churchill is great. THE BYSTANDER believes that he is great enough to make even Unionism live, and we alone, of all journals, have made overtures in that direction. It becomes more likely every day that THE BYSTANDER'S prescience will be justified, but that is a matter of the future. It is from the past that I seek to draw the veil and let Mr. Churchill stand clear in his immensity—a greater man than we have dreamt of, greater even than he has proclaimed himself. And let this be an inspiration to our Public Men. It was by silence—grim stubborn, relentless silence—that Mr. Churchill reached his pinnacle top.

Swing the mind back to March of the present year. Recall the "Ulster Plot"; the squadron of battleships with siege guns; Lamlash and all the rest of it. Remember the amazing instructions to the Fleet—only a portion of which ever became known. This was the "Plot Against Ulster." Plot against fiddlesticks. If the information which reaches me is true it was nothing of the kind. It was a patriotic, dramatic, and, above all, timely counter-stroke against a peril from Germany. It succeeded brilliantly at the moment, and resulted in the gain of several months of time, not a minute of which was lost at the Admiralty, although, unhappily, a very different description must be given of the War Office.

GREATER EVEN THAN HE ADMITS HE IS

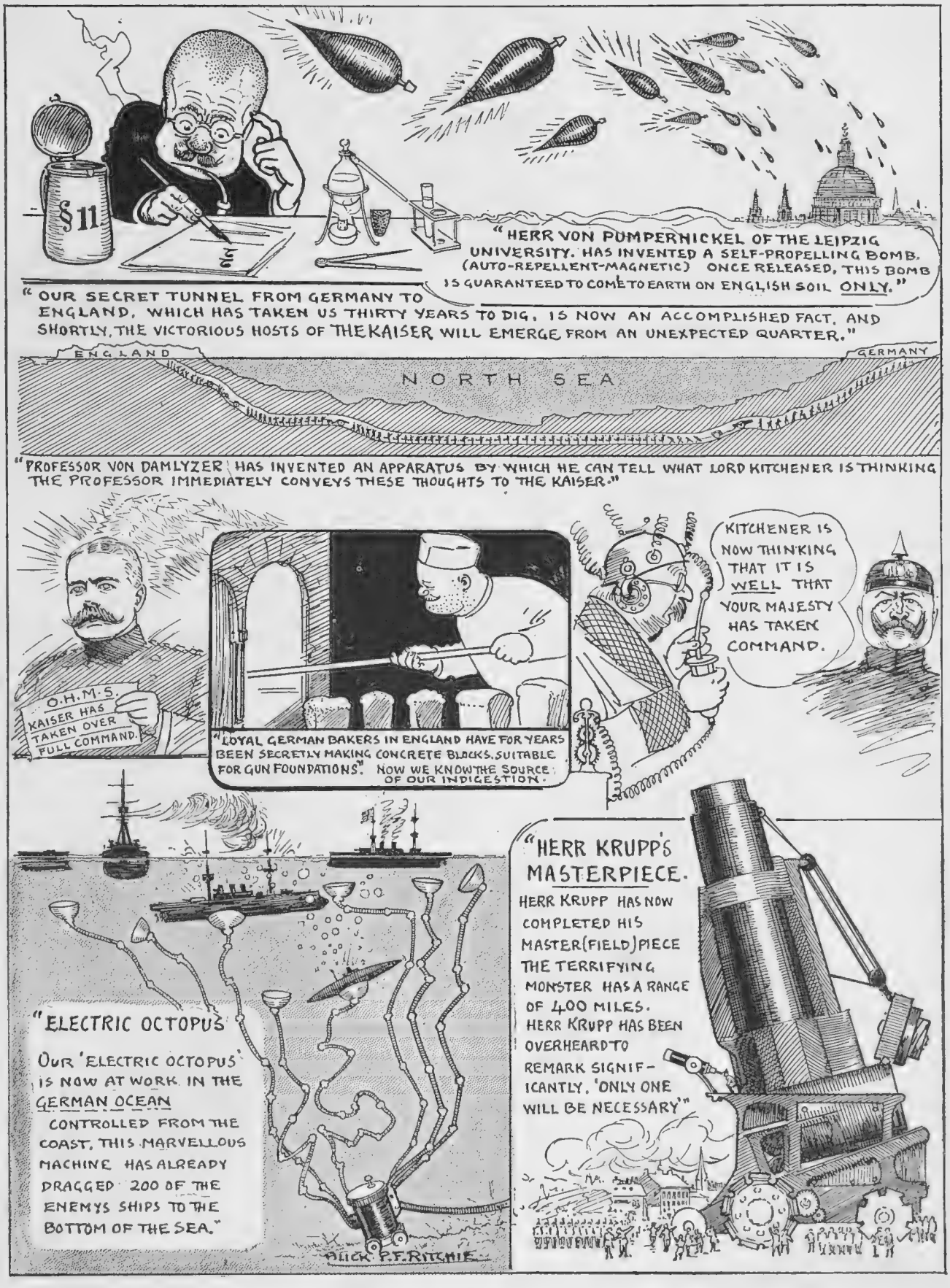
A recent snapshot of Mr. Winston Churchill accompanied by his wife

The extent to which Germany relied on Irish disruption has been absurdly underrated. German money was flung into Ireland to feed the flames. When arming began very large sums were placed at the disposal of both sides, sometimes anonymously, and on other occasions from persons who hitherto had been quite unknown, and who had never been suspected of being affluent. *Via* America came both funds and guns, and doubtless the unsuspecting enthusiasts of both parties were blissfully deceived. Meantime the political clubs in London, as well as in Ireland, and even the lobbies of the House of Commons, and it is whispered now the very committees of the combatants, were honeycombed with German spies. Shameful to say, some of these highly placed agents of our enemy were men and women of British birth. From what they reported Germany confidently believed that "The Day" was at last at hand and that Great Britain, internally rent, would be the easiest of preys. I am told—and I believe it—that it is as certain as anything under heaven that had Mr. Churchill not been alive to what was moving, and had he not had the splendid nerve to prepare the fleet, we should have been rushed by the Germans with consequences which might have rewritten our whole history in words of blood and shame.

If this be really true, we have, indeed, a vaster Churchill than we ever dreamt of. He incurred the obloquy of lying under the charge of using the Forces of the Crown against the King's subjects only for the reason that until his preparations were complete he refused to let the enemy know that he was moving to defend the State. In the House day after day he was howled down and mercilessly drenched with abuse. For weeks he shuffled—so it is said—trembling all the time on the thin ice of complete exposure and political ruin. And all this while a single sentence would have saved him and changed him from being a monster in the eyes of half the nation into being the idol of all. That sentence was never spoken. He strangled it in his throat.

Personally, as I have written, I believe that all this is true. One day we shall know fully. If, however, on the contrary, Mr. Churchill did move his ships against Ulster and not because of a greater menace, it will stand on record for all time as the most blessed piece of criminal luck that ever a nation enjoyed.

Alarming News from Berlin



RELIEABLE EXCERPTS FROM THE GERMAN YELLOW PRESS

"QUITE AGED MEN"

BY "DOWNWRITER"

IN the *Berliner Zeitung am Mittag* the other day I read of the arrival at the front of "reinforcements from Kitchener's million army." A superior type to the earlier "mercenary," it seemed; "better groomed faces." But not very conspicuously soldier-like. "Among them are quite aged gentlemen, who, apparently, had nothing more urgent to do than to become as rapidly and as painlessly as possible prisoners of our gallant troops." Quite nicely put, this, for a German newspaper. But I wonder whether the writer realises the full symbolic significance of those "quite aged gentlemen with nothing to do?"

There are equally old gentlemen among the German prisoners captured by *our* gallant troops. But the difference between the two is tremendous. The German old man is of the last line of reserves; the British old man is of the first of ours. The one corresponds to the carrion crow, coming on the scene after the storm is over; the other to the stormy petrel announcing that the storm is about to begin. Let Berlin understand this old man of England! Let it realise that he has gone to the front of his own free will ahead of the youngsters, and perhaps in the teeth of the opposition of his wife and family and friends, doctor, lawyer and insurance company. Let Berlin also understand the spirit in which he has gone.

I know our old man perfectly well. His name is legion. He is the man who had packed up last August for a shoot over Scotland's moors or a fish on her lochs or a round over her greens, a *sportisch-romantisch* old man, as the Chancellor would say. He cancelled his sport, and, after thinking the matter well over, said he was thirty-five and enlisted—yes, enlisted! Became a soldier! Ridiculous, is it? Let me warn you, oh! *Berliner Zeitung*, to think before you laugh. This "old man" is a sportsman, turned soldier, truly, but still a sportsman, and you, oh! Germany, are now to him the sole object of his sporting activity. You are his grouse, something to be shot; his trout, something to be hooked; his golf-ball, something to be smitten with all his remaining strength. The old man of England is "after German." "German" has now become, to all England, an object of sporting and scientific interest. Upon the destruction or capture of "German" our old men are concentrating the whole of their sporting energy and ingenuity.

The *Zeitung* does not realise quite what a degree of mental absorption is thereby implied. He has never sat at a shooting or a fishing or a golf lunch and heard for himself men of massive intellects discuss for hours together the minutest points of the pastime. He does not know that to sport has been applied more intensely serious British braincraft than to all the rest of the human activities. Does he know that when Balfour meets Asquith in the country they talk *golf*; that when Grey took Roosevelt for a walk through the New Forest he talked all the time about fish and fowl; that George V. of England in times of peace talks more about shooting than of anything else, and that what is the case with the old and middle-aged leaders of England is the case with legions of their followers? All are now "after German."

The "aged gentleman" had "gone after German" because "German" is the sporting objective of the day. He has been shot, perhaps, or captured! But the spirit that moved him marches through thousands of his fellow-countrymen, who are ready to follow him when the time comes. Does the *Zeitung* know that old men are now spending their spare time drilling, rifle-shooting, route-marching, and listening to lectures on tactics, and that the keenness of them is like unto nothing that exists in mere youth? Youth has enlisted, as it is proper that youth should do all things, out of an instinct. But Age has enlisted out of deliberation. The business man is after German with all the acumen he would otherwise be after dollars. The scholar is after German as he would otherwise have been after a false quotation. The novelists and melodramatists are hatching plots in which the German is the villain to be undone. Sherlock Holmes is after the German as were he Moriarty or the Speckled Band. Mr. Arnold Bennett has advanced from the line of the Five Towns, and is entrenched, awaiting Germans, on the East Coast. H. G. Wells has threatened to shoot Germans with his own New-Machiavellian hands.

These old (or middle-aged) men, let it be understood, are not "killing the enemy with their mouths." They are, one and all, enrolled in corps of some kind or another, giving to the science of militarism thought that would otherwise have been devoted to pacific research. The old men of England, if they represent a slightly enfeebled body, represent an active brain, and that brain is exclusively devoted to the one task of eliminating the German.

Germany is able, I know, to claim that her old men are also giving their thoughts to the perfection of the military machine. True. But they have done so for a generation past. Britain's old men are giving their thoughts to the elimination of the Germans for the first time in their lives. Their minds are going for the Germans in massed formation. The British collective intellect is aroused. It has decided that the German, in his present bombastic swollen-headed mood, is a Wild Beast that the world has to be rid of, and the intellect of Britain will foreswear all its other activities until that result has been achieved. That is the meaning of the "quite aged men" spoken of by the *Berliner Zeitung*, and if ever it sees these burning lines, I hope they will sear the sneer off its lips to make way for a scowl. Yes, you Germans! Your fool-poets may write, at a penny a line, their Odes to Hate of England. But England is not replying in odes, but in your own weapons—the weapons of war.

DOWNWRITER

Notable Women in the Week's News

VISCOUNTESS INGESTRE

Wife of the only son of the Earl of Shrewsbury. She has just given birth to a son and heir, who in due time will succeed to the premier Earldom of England

VISCOUNTESS CASTLEREAGH

Who is organising a Women's Volunteer Corps, which will be drilled and trained to be of use in any emergency

Photographs

LADY EILEEN ELLIOT

The eldest daughter of the late Earl of Minto, whose engagement to Lord Francis Scott, of the Grenadier Guards, youngest son of the late Duke of Buccleuch, is announced

Lallie Charles

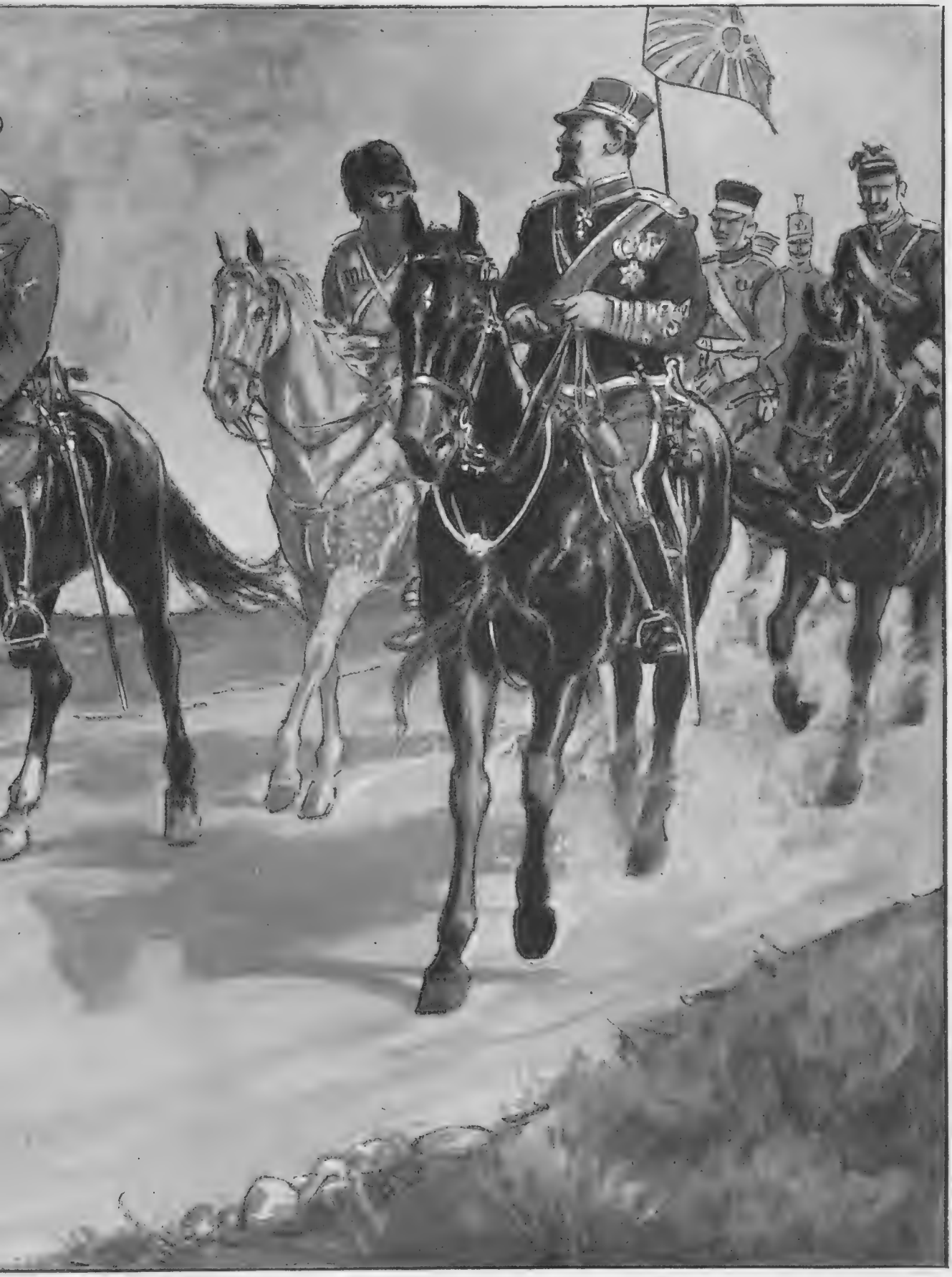
VISCOUNTESS ERRINGTON

Whose husband, the son of the Earl of Cromer, has obtained a commission in the Grenadier Guards. She is a sister of Lady Eileen Elliot

The Indisp

CHORUS OF THE OTHER ALLIES: "

nsable Ally



ld Father Time is on our side"

BY BERT THOMAS

What the Trooper Told Us

BY THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS

WE had been listening to the story of the escape of a French nun from Hun-governed Bruessel. "I wonder," said somebody, "whether nuns are better nurses than lay women, irrespective of the training question?" "The trouble with the nuns," said somebody else, "is that they always insist on telling the truth." "*Penses-tu!*" said the little French trooper, "I can tell you of one who did *not* tell the truth, I!"

It was in the Argonne. You know when it was, and where it was matters very little. The patients were all doing well in the long white-washed ward which had been a granary before the war. They were all doing well, that is, except the man in the third bed, Corporal Dubois — never mind of what regiment. Dubois was not doing well at all, he. It was shrapnel, of course—it so often is shrapnel—and they had found one little piece of sardine-tin in him, so there was more of it inside. The head, too, was hurt, and he lay there in bandages, moaning. He could not speak, or did not speak, but in the moaning every now and then were sounds which had the faint echo of a name. Perhaps he was protesting. The man in the next bed said he was arguing with somebody, or dreaming of his pain. "He keeps on repeating always, 'ah non, ah non, ah non,' that poor Dubois," he told the doctor. M'sieur l'Major was a good fellow as well as a good doctor. He was one of those busy men who know how to have leisure. M'sieur l'Major stood and looked at Dubois from the foot of the bed. The man rolled slowly from side to side in his pain. The working of the poisoned wound made him uncomfortable everywhere, and the bluish lips with the beads of perspiration trickling slowly towards the corners muttered and mumbled the same half-formed sounds unceasingly. The sister in charge, Sœur Marie-Anne, stood with the dressings at the doctor's elbow. Suddenly M'sieur l'Major laughed aloud. "But name of a pipe," he exclaimed, "I have found it Name of a name, it is not 'ah non' he is muttering! Watch his lips then. Do you not see? He presses them together as he speaks, the poor one?" Sœur Marie-Anne watched Corporal Dubois in silence for a moment, a long moment, as he quarrelled with the crumpled bed clothes which rolled into little ridges and hardened under his tortured body. "It is 'Maman,' he says, I think," she whispered. "He asks for his mother." "But no," cried M'sieur l'Major, "but no! It is not 'Maman' that he says, and it is not 'ah non' either. It is 'Manon,' by blue! the name without doubt of his mistress. Oh! Pardon, ma sœur," laughed M'sieur l'Major, for a delicate blush suffused Sœur Marie-Anne's ivory face, as she turned away to the table and set the bowl of dressings down.

THE IRRESISTIBLES

Even before the battle they are already victorious

By André Foy

She was quite beautiful in her ivory whiteness, was Sœur Marie-Anne, and quite young. M'sieur l'Major laughed once more at Sœur Marie-Anne's blushes—he would always have his joke, would M'sieur l'Major—and then turned to the bed again. Corporal Dubois was clawing at the coverlet. His hot hand fumbled for something which his poor bandaged eyes could not help him to find. M'sieur l'Major slipped his own hand into the hand of Corporal Dubois. There was a smile on the blue lips for a moment, then it faded, and M'sieur l'Major's hand dropped out of the wounded corporal's weak fingers. "By blue," said M'sieur l'Major, "he heard the visit to the man in the next bed this afternoon and envied him, but—he looked at his own hand—but it is no hairy man's hand that he wants, the poor one." He shrugged his shoulders and he left the ward.

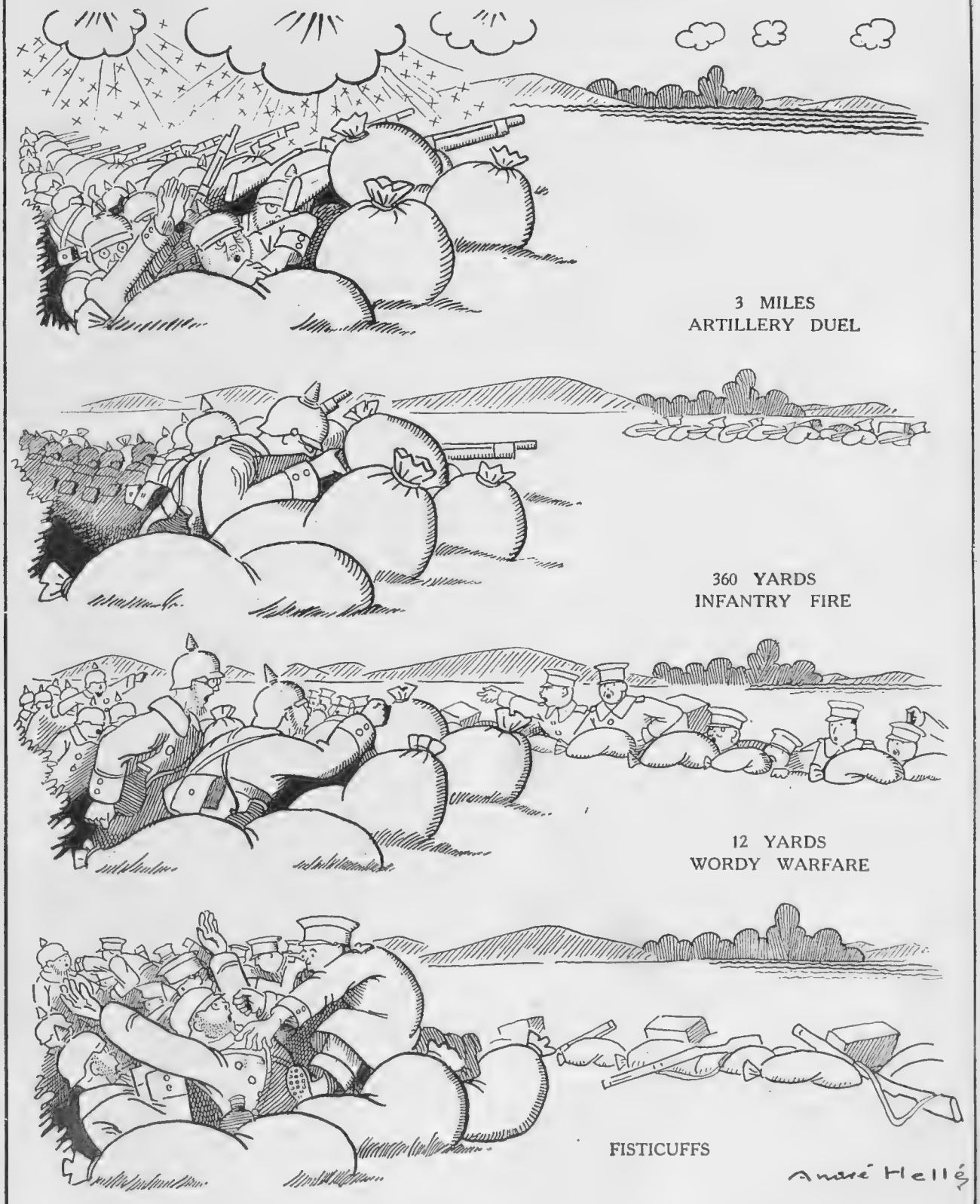
Sœur Marie-Anne was blushing more than ever, although the Doctor had gone. Like a little white mouse she crept silently to the bedhead. Silently she placed her slim, cool, white hand in those groping, clutching fingers. The sick man's hand stroked and fondled hers. "Manon, Manon, Manon," the blue lips murmured, quite distinctly now, and the wounded man sank gently into the refreshing sleep which was to save his life.

"I tell you that they do not always tell the truth, *les bonnes sœurs*. They lie like angels sometimes. I know it, I, Corporal Dubois."

He saluted and left us.

John N. Raphael.

War: A Study in Distances



A sketch by the French artist Hellé, which shows the various distances at which battles are at present being fought. In some parts of the front the enemies never set eyes on each other, while at others they are so close as to be actually able to argue, and thus to revert to the primitive methods of warfare—fisticuffs

The Débris of War

BY THE BYSTANDER IN POLAND

I HAVE returned from a battle-field; have been nearer to a battle than at any time since the war began. I made for Warsaw, stayed a night at the Bristol, where I talked to wounded Captain Pogodin, and next day drove to Prushkow, a nice, accessible village, where the German advance guard was quartered. The Bristol landlord, getting on the roof, saw shells bursting. When he made for "Cupid Lane" on the edge (so called for lovers' trysts), he met so many fugitives that he had to return.

At Prushkow there was not even a corpse. My driver took me three hours south-east between nice trees. I saw no soldiers living or dead. It rained, and Poles (one resembling the poet Mickiewicz) picnicked under an oak. This was on the Nadarshin road. Here there was a fight. Trenches, beautifully made, abnormally deep. German. I hunted for blood and corpses. The rain had swept up the blood. Behind the first blindage was a picture postcard; behind the next the bones of a fowl; behind the third a corpse. It was (or had been—the other world knows no race) German; an officer, with a *Pickelhaube* still on his head, a green cap over the *Pickelhaube*, and a green face under it.

I drove from Nadarshin. The headman of the *gminde* said that his son's wife was killed by a shell when she was washing socks. "Mind you, actually as she washed them." He seemed interested in the socks. I got to Piasetschno on the river. Here the Germans tried to cross. There are three smashed pontoons. Further down is a charred patch strewn with blackened buttons. "Here a German medical officer buried four hundred dead. He sent to Schirardow for some chemicals to make them burn brightly." Piasetschno has good yarns of German ingenuities. The headman of the *gminde* said that "in order to disguise their vast losses the Germans put gunpowder down the throats of the dead, and blew them to pieces. That makes it impossible to count the slain."

Further up the river, and at Kalwarija, there was a lively fight. When the Russians crossed they assailed a German rearguard. The rearguard fought well. A squadron of Prussian cavalry rode through the Russians. They sang the *Wacht am Rhein*. It is the first time, so said a wounded officer at Piasetschno, that cavalry have ever sung when fighting. The Prussians never got back. Fifty, mostly wounded, were brought into Kalwarija.

Near Piasetschno is a plain decorated with trenches, barbed wire, and water bottles. The first thing done by a dead or beaten man is to lose his water-bottle. Later I saw corpses. This was at a turning of the Nadarschin-Tartschin road. Here is a ridge two hundred yards long, made of red, rain-washed earth. Once it was a trench. The Russians called it *Tchortova Yama*—the Devil's Pit. Twenty Germans refused to surrender. After the fight the trench was turned into a grave.

I tried to get further along the river to a place peacefully called Canary. The driver said, "As you have no pass you will be shot." At Canary the Russians, so the Germans thought, would cross; and a big land mine was laid under the approach to the river. The land mine exploded by itself. "It made a hole as big as the Brest Railway Station. Showers of earth descended on a cottage roof; and put out the fire."

That is the *débris*—physical and mental—of war. The physical *débris* — water-bottles; the mental — tales by aggrieved villagers of the fruits of war for domestic life. The wife of the *gminde* headman's son was killed while she was washing socks. "Mind you, socks!" And the land-mine put out a fire. When war is dead; when Germany is cut into nine pieces and a Grand Duchy; when idle Kaisers draw Unemployment Pensions (*Arbeitslosenversicherungsgeld*), the *gminde* headman will remember the socks—the chemicals bought at Schirardow — the land-mine that put out the fire.

GOOD SUBSTITUTES FOR SWEAR-WORDS
The Kaiser gives peremptory orders to his army in Poland

Return of a Dropped Pilot

PRINCE VON BÜLOW ONCE AGAIN ABOARD THE GERMAN LUGGER OF STATE

Prince von Bülow, if a sad man, must be a proud one. For he has been called back to help his Imperial Master out of a muddle that would never have happened had he been at the helm of the German ship of State. True, he is only Ambassador to the Court of Rome, but it is well known that that post is of vital importance at the moment, as on Italy's attitude depends the whole future of the great War. To keep her from joining the Allies will be Bülow's task, and as he is a resident of Rome, and his wife is an Italian, he has at least a forlorn hope of success. But Italian opinion is set against any action on behalf of Germany

Is Our Heroism Inferior

TO THAT OF THE BRAVE DAYS OF OLD?

WE all have a sneaking sentimental reverence for the past. We, most of us, prefer old music, old books, old furniture, old buildings, discovering in their very antiquity a quality that is, largely perhaps, a product of our own imagination as focussed on to their history and associations. But nothing do we reverence so much as the memory of our ancestors. Wonderful fellows, they were, prodigies of valour and wisdom, who suffered from none of the weaknesses of our own puny contemporaries. In extreme cases we worship them like the Chinese; in all cases we regard them as definitely superior to ourselves. Indeed, such a point of view has almost come to be accepted as an article of faith.

Especially, of course, is this true of heroes and warriors generally. Who can imagine a Samson of to-day pulling the Guildhall down on the heads of the Lord Mayor and those who sit at his banquet? Who can see an Achilles among the French General Staff dragging a German Hector behind his motor-car along the muddy banks of the Yser? Where are our Rolands, our Lancelots, our Siegfrieds—nay, even, to become strictly historical, our Du Guesclins, our Richard Cœur de Lions, our Prince Ruperts? Tacitly we assume that the breed of super-heroes is extinct and prepare to make the best of our contemporary inferiority.

"I believe that the bravest men of antiquity, say the Spartans, who defended Thermopylae, would have run like hares at the battle of the Aisne"

But are we really inferior? Do our men, the men we have known in our clubs, sat next to in our music-halls and restaurants, fall so far short of the heroism of the "good old times?" I do not think so. Indeed, as a matter of fact, I think precisely the contrary. To be precise, I believe that the bravest men of antiquity, say the Spartans, who defended Thermopylae, would have run like hares at the battle of the Aisne. Doubtless they would in time have become accustomed to the shrapnel and the din, and eventually have fought as bravely as the best French and English regiments. But that is only to say that more is demanded of the French and English than was ever demanded of the Spartans at Thermopylae or the Romans at Cannae. *All* the battles of antiquity were child's play compared with the fighting in France and Belgium. They were milder even than a modern bayonet charge, and you have only got to ask your friends back from the front whether a bayonet charge is not a positive bank holiday after sitting for days under continuous shell fire in an imperfectly protected position.

Battles of to-day do, in fact, demand an endurance, a courage not only of body, but of nerves, such as the much-sung heroes of the epics never dreamed of. It is one thing to run about like our old friends of the Iliad slashing wildly at everybody you see till you become so excited that you don't know whether you are killing your friends or your enemies and you don't much care. It is quite another to sit on a waggon six miles away from the enemy and wait to see not if but *when* you will be hit. Had Virgil made his Æneas perform such a prodigy of valour he would never have been court-poet, but would have been scouted as a romancer of the worst order. Had the compilers of our own ballads dared to invent such supermen of blood and steel as, let us say, General Smith-Dorrien or General Manoury, they would have been dubbed raving lunatics. It is a terrible, a ghastly thing to say, but it seems to me that the only direction in which the world has quite certainly progressed is in the horror of its battlefields.

Still, there is some consolation. If modern warfare is so terrible—and how terrible it is a great many people in this country do not seem to realise—there can be no more talk of the "decadence" of modern Europe. Our enemies, no less than ourselves, are daily performing deeds of valour each of which would, in the old days, have won a canto to itself. There are, to sum up, thousands upon thousands of men in modern Europe who are at this moment doing deeds that make the resolution of the Athenians at Marathon, the bravery of Cortes' Spaniards in Mexico pale like a lamp before the rising sun. We may not be any more wise, any more virtuous, any more humane, than our ancestors, but we are most certainly not any less brave. They fought with their bodies, we fight with our nerves as well; and the battles round Ypres are more truly epic than all the skirmishes sung by the epic poets.

FRANCIS TOYE

The Things They Say

TAXI-DRIVER: "Don't scare yourself. It don't allude to you!"

BURIED ALIVE?

1ST DEAR OLD SOUL (reading from newspaper): "Internment of all English in Germany"

2ND " " " "How awful, dear, don't they even kill them first?"

THE DYNASTS AT THE KINGSWAY

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

THIS is a most fascinating and interesting entertainment. It is a beatified version of the penny panoramic show, where you glue your eye to the magnifier while the loquacious showman declares that on your right you will see Napoleon Buonapartey crossing the Alps in an open boat. And so on. Splendid fragments of our island story are shown in a swift succession of gorgeous *tableaux*, while Mr. Henry Ainley, seated at a glorified reading-desk close upon the front row of the stalls, declaims in superbly sonorous tones the lines that form the connecting links between the stirring scenes displayed.

Mr. Hardy's epic drama has been arranged for the stage, and produced, by Mr. Granville Barker, and it therefore follows as the night the day that there is here no idle pandering to the cheaper conventions. The rare excellence achieved by the originality of the proceedings is a little difficult to appreciate at first, but you soon become acclimatised, as one might say. For instance, before the curtain rises Mr. Ainley, reading aloud from an open book, announces that the scene we are about to witness is a wondrous picture of the Wessex Coast lapped by the gentle waves, and overhung by a rich cerulean sky. Or something of that sort. And when the scene is presented to us we find that it consists of nothing more than a dull grey curtain. The characters on the stage look out over our heads and into the everlasting void and invite each other's attention to the comely prospect of sea and sky. As soon, however, as you have got the bearings of Mr. Barker's scheme the entertainment really grips you. At least, that is how it took me.

I will frankly admit that there were people about me who had evidently come unprepared for such a rich diet of new and good ideas. A young man with a narrow forehead and a receding chin, who sat next to me in the second row of the stalls, gave up trying to get the hang of the thing quite early, and was reaching surreptitiously for his hat when he became aware that Mr. Ainley had apparently noted his design, and was fixing him with a stern and unrelenting glance. The offender at once placed his hat back under the seat and did his best to convey the impression that he was absorbed in the play.

The first part of the entertainment deals with the story of Trafalgar. On that wondrous, wave-lapped coast that exists only in imaginations we find worthy citizens apprehensive of the arrival on our shores of Napoleon Buonaparte, who—if the Censor will allow me to mention it—was then preparing to invade England by the simple—not to say childish—method of employing a number of flat-bottomed boats starting from Boulogne. The absorbing interest of this scene lies in its very present application to our own times. As is now generally known, the mantle of Napoleon has of late fallen upon Another who is said to be contemplating a much more picturesque and expensive invasion by means of rafts and submarines and airships and cats and dogs and pitchforks. The worthy citizens on the shore of Wessex are quite convincing, and their several points of view are as cogent to-day as they were then.

Through a vein of delightful comedy we come by degrees to the sterner pages of the story. The scene is changed, by the simple process of introducing a painted wooden railing, from the Wessex Coast to the quarter-deck of Admiral Villeneuve's ship at Trafalgar; and we learn from the officers who are staring at us through their telescopes that one of the *Victory's* masts has been shot away, but still she comes ploughing on and on. And so say all of us! Then a rather more elaborate change of scene brings us to the deck of the *Victory* itself, with Nelson positively winning the great battle with one hand tied behind him, as it were. The cockpit scene at Nelson's death is reproduced with complete fidelity, and all the historical last words of the great hero are faithfully recorded.

The second act of this admirable production deals with events in the Peninsula a hundred years ago, where we see Sir John Moore buried "darkly at dead of night" in accordance with the teachings of history and Wolfe's touching poem for the use of schools and families. The last act deals with the story of Waterloo, a famous field which they tell me is still available for the final defeat of tyrants, if required. Any offers? The entertainment at the Kingsway Theatre is, as I have already tried to affirm, a good piece of work from first to last. As far as I can see, however, it is not quite suited to the moment when the artistic temperament is so very much in the background and the toga, so to speak, has given place, in accordance with precedent, to Black Marias and Jack Johnsons.

JINGLE

People Who Are Breaking Down Without Knowing It.

A WAR PERIL AT HOME.

WE are constantly hearing now of people who have broken down without realizing what was happening. They "kept going on their nervous energy." Under the strain of war-time thousands are unconsciously declining in that way at this moment.

Realizing that it is a natural need, Sir William Taylor, K.C.B., M.D., late Surgeon-General of the Forces, has undertaken to direct the introduction of the new "additional diet" which supplies in liberal quantities the elements required to keep our tissues well nourished, and our brain and nerves well poised; elements which are not supplied in sufficient quantities by our regular diet.

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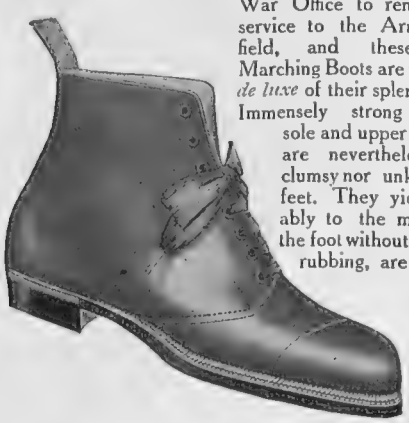

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War and the Population

SHALL WE BECOME A NATION OF OLD MAIDS?

BY "EFEMERA"

I WAS having tea with a friend, the other day, when she suddenly remarked, "I *am* sorry for the flappers of this generation." Now, the flapper had never struck me as a particular object of commiseration, the claim to sympathy of the widow, the bereaved mother, and the orphan being so obvious and so engrossing. But, after all, is not the young girl the chief loser in the game of war—and the nation through her? Is it more bitter to have loved and lost or never to have loved at all—to have lost the chance of loving?

Before the war began there were well over a million surplus women in Great Britain—already a serious problem in the national life. How many will there be when the war is over? And the saddest part of it is that the men we lose form the best, the sturdiest, the most able-bodied portion of the nation. Our girls will, for the most part, be left to console themselves with the weaklings, the unfit, the irresponsible, and the shirkers, and even at that there will not be enough to go round. Countless women will be condemned to involuntary spinsterhood. We shall be a nation of old maids—I beg their pardon, bachelor-girls.

In times like these monogamy as a system has disadvantages so obvious as to strike the most casual observer. With the number of able-bodied young men ruthlessly decimated and each limited to one legitimate mate, what is to become of the birth-rate, of which we have latterly heard so much. The responsibility to the State of the woman who chances—luckily or otherwise—to be married seems likely to be grievous beyond bearing, while the unmarried sister, cousin or aunt escapes any responsibility at all.

Germany through her mouthpiece, General Bernhardi, bases her claim to the habitable globe on her teeming millions. As a title to aggression its validity may be doubted, but there is something in it, none the less. The might and worth of a nation are the sum of its efficient citizens. The British Empire only exists through the efforts of individual Britons; diminish these and the Empire weakens. We can only afford to lose a large proportion of our Empire-builders if we are able to replace them with others as good. If some must die to save the country others must be born to carry on the task.

Photograph *Lallie Charles*

VISCOUNTESS RIDLEY

Who has placed her lovely house in Carlton House Terrace at the disposal of the Red Cross Society, to be used as a nursing home for wounded soldiers

In view of our large unmarried female population—and it will be larger still in the immediate future—it is regrettable that parthenogenesis is not a human institution. If it were, the solution of the problem would be an easy matter—in fact, there would be no problem to solve. Or there would be another way out, supposing that we could borrow at will from other forms of life. We might evolve a community of the bee or ant order—preferably the latter. We should have our queen mothers, our army for home defence, our caste of neutral workers. . . .

Unfortunately such a solution, however admirable, is beyond our reach. We must do the best with the means at our disposal. The trouble is that whichever way we turn we are brought up short by law, custom, and convention.

There has been some agitation of late against the granting of separation allowances which put on an equal footing the wives and "unmarried dependents" of soldiers. Quite frankly, I cannot see any adequate reason for the objections raised. Anyone, it seems to me, must admit that the woman who brings healthy children into the world does her country service—often the greatest service in her power. That her position has not been legalised is generally more her misfortune than her fault, and certainly in a time like this we should be chary of penalising misfortune.

As for the noble and growing army of spinsters, what is to become of them? Are they to sit by, husbandless and childless, and watch the decline of the Empire? The spinster of to-day is a determined creature with wishes of her own and the will to carry them through. It may be that she will rise in her might and take the law into her own hands. With increasing numbers her power should be great in the land. She may decide that monogamy has been tried and found wanting. Who knows? The coming generation may turn Mormon or Mohamedan—or we may revert to the ways of the Patriarchs. A limited polygamy, two independent and perhaps self-supporting wives instead of the dependent and veiled Mussulman four might solve the problem and make for the greater happiness of all concerned. We may yet have our dearest friend bring her colleague to tea and present her affectionately as "my adjunct, Mrs. Smith No. 2."

EFEMERA

'SHELL'

at the front is helping the Allies.

Huge quantities of 'Shell' have been sent to the front for the exclusive use of the Allies. In every branch of military service for which petrol is required 'Shell' is working in the Allies' interests only, and therefore yours. The enemy is being supplied with petrol also—but not 'Shell.' Be on the side of the Allies. Use 'Shell' and refuse any other spirit.

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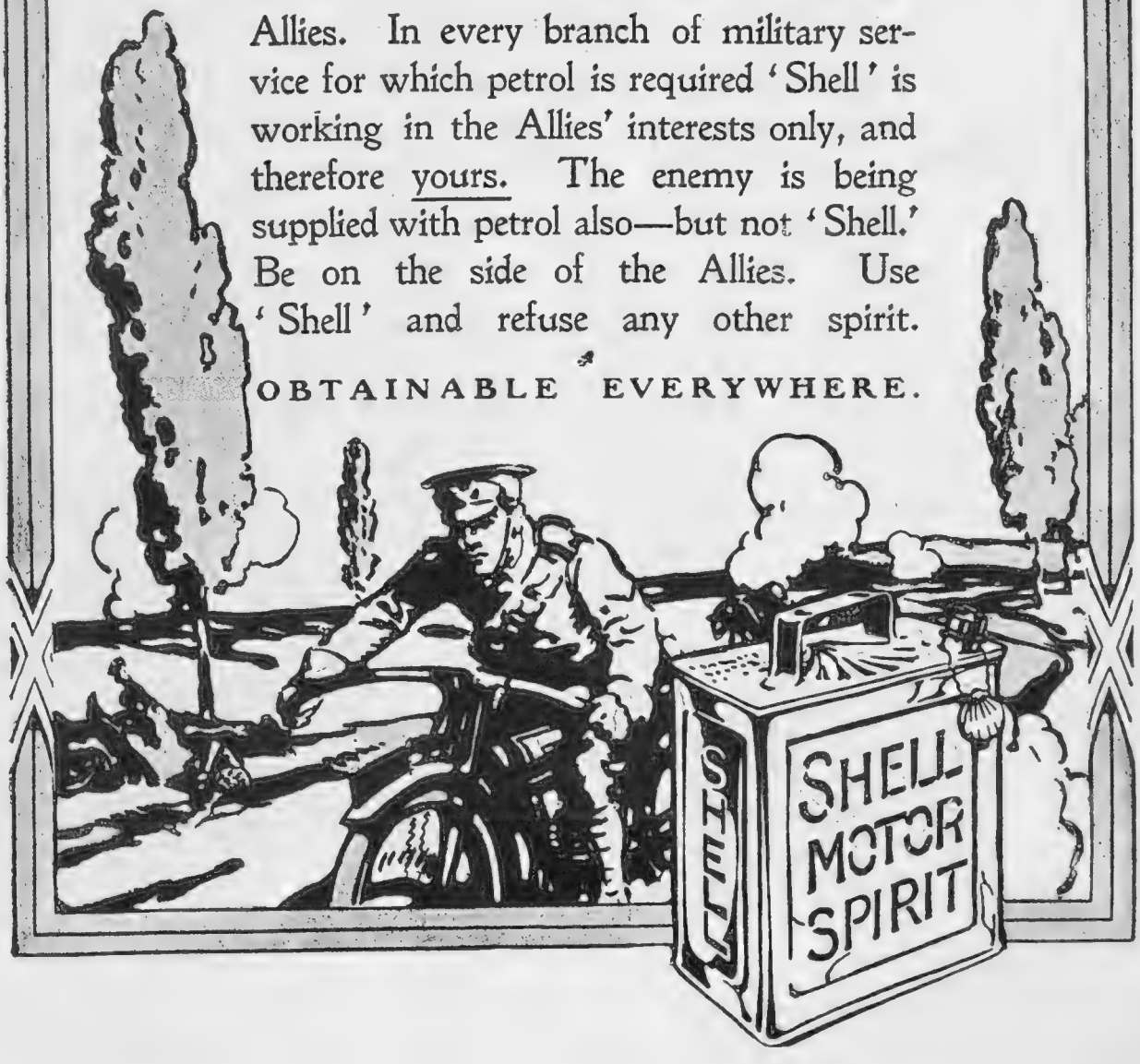

Two Books Worth Reading

ALTHOUGH THEY ARE NOT WAR-BOOKS

A Novel by Mr. W. L. George

Mr. W. L. George is a very clever writer who has achieved a fair amount of success in a very short time. He is one of those fortunate people who seem equally at home as critic or as novelist. His first novel offended the libraries, and is now, I believe, in a cheap edition. His latest novel, *The Second Blooming* (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*), has a perhaps awkward title—though, to be candid, I do not see what else the book could have been called—and it is on the long side, but it is an admirable study of the well-to-do woman of to-day.

The Three Sisters

The story is simple. Mrs. Westfield has three daughters. Grace marries a lawyer who is rather too fond of talking about his own cases. Clara marries Sir Henry Govan, who is a politician. Mary marries plain Tom Stanley, who is a "good sort" living on the outskirts of Hammersmith. Grace has two children who do not seem to amuse her very much. Clara is childless, and Mary has—I forget how many children at the end of the book. But Mary is happy and content, and her sisters are not. It is round and about the attempts to get as much as possible out of life which the two elder sisters make that Mr. George weaves his story. Grace awakens to find that her lawyer-husband is not as "exciting" as she could wish. What does she do? She buys beautiful dresses which cost rather too much, and when that excitement palls, helps herself to a lover. Clara mixes herself up with politics in that unsatisfactory way which is so common to ladies ambitious to become Cabinet Ministers' wives. And, of course, they get into trouble.

Mary to the Rescue

Equally, of course, it is dear placid Mary who comes more or less to their rescue. The final sentence of the book explains Mr. George's theme very well. "'Yes,' said Mary, very gently, 'there's hope for everybody . . . even for wives.'" Mr. George is modern. He dedicates his book to Mr. Wells, who will possibly enjoy it not a little.

Canon Hannay in America

"George Birmingham" adds his name to the list of European authors who have gone over the water to see what the appreciative Americans are like and come back to tell us all about them. As a humorist and an Irishman Mr. "Birmingham" is naturally a privileged person. His *Connaught to Chicago* (Nisbet: 5*s.* net), while full of the good things which you expect, contains not a little serious writing. He did not find the reporters unpleasant—quite the reverse, in fact—and if he grumbles at the eccentricities of the American steam-engine, that is surely allowable. The American steam-engine does things in its own way. About those of his countrymen who had "gone over" not, like himself, for a trip, but for ever, he found much to ponder. And, of course, for Chicago itself he shows the proper amount of admiration.

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This season's Paris Fur Models by Bechoff, David, Drecoll, Max, Bernard, Rufin, and Ruze are advertised by Messrs. Harrods this week for clearance at half their season's prices—an opportunity for a Christmas Gift de Luxe not to be missed by those who would take advantage of war conditions to save money.

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Motoring Affairs of To-day

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

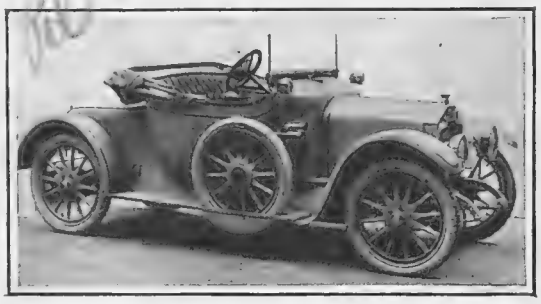
A Shock

A RAPID plebiscite among the nearest of my motoring friends discloses the astonishing fact that one of the most intimate matters of purely motoring interest is the near approach of the time when car-owners must either pay up their tax or keep the garage door shut. Yet these friends of mine are quite fervent patriots, as deeply concerned as you or I in the great war, in the extraordinary place occupied by the petrol engine in that war, and in the other pressing matters of the nation. Which seems to suggest that even the greatest of our public interests fails in the acid test applied by our intimate and private affairs. It also goes to show how the war has so hit men in the breeches pocket that a six-guinea tax has become of some outstanding importance. And, further, it reminds me to remind you that both in the matter of the tax and the license renewal, it were well to be on time. It is less easy to forget the tax than the license; but the authorities are not in favour of condoning forgetfulness on either count.

***

To the Car's Credit

The capture of De Wet and the King's tour of the theatre of war add still further to the credit side of the petrol engine's military ledger. De Wet was run down because a horse of blood and bone and muscle cannot prevail against the quintessence of many horses transmitting power through tireless thews of metal to road wheels which are *not* tyreless. (Enter the enterprising Dunlop with quite a fair case, to argue that, as the development of the motor-car depended very largely upon the pneumatic tyre invented by Dunlop, that famous gentleman should share in the credit for the capture of De Wet. Agreed; although with almost equal justification the argument can be carried back into infinity.) The King, also by the aid of the car, was able, *pace* the evergreen "Eye-Witness," to make round trips of seventy miles in a day and get a fleeting glimpse of vastly extended military operations which, without the car, would certainly have occupied weeks or been entirely impossible. (Which reminds me, as another aside, that for modest strength and unassuming dignity, the King's Special Order of the Day, issued to the troops upon leaving them, has hardly been equalled in the annals of Royal communications, and would make an excellent model for the Potsdam Bravo if modesty were not so constitutionally foreign to him.)



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The new edition of one of the greatest British successes of the past year. The 12 h.p. Rover in its two-seater form

Where Utility Counts

A cavalcade of cars may lack some of the decorative effects of a cavalcade of horses, but decorations have no place in war, where only efficient service is wanted. What the King's tour may have lacked in pomp, it multiplied many times in usefulness; and constantly above all flew that other expression of the petrol engine, the air-guard, keeping vigilant ward over the notables below. Two and a half years ago, bubbles the "Eye-Witness," when the King inspected the Royal Flying Corps for the first time, the total muster was six officers and two inferior aeroplanes; and proceeds to make contrast between then and now. Truly the contrast is piquant. From a couple of inferior aeroplanes two and a half years ago to the hundreds in use and a-building to-day, is the best imitation of a revolution which science has been able to produce for a long while. In this, as in so many other cases, we "got there second;" but in this, unlike so many other cases, we got there in time. And, as in the case of the motor-car, having got there, we got in front, and are keeping there.

THE EVERGREEN MODEL

The Ford Touring Car near the statue of the Hon. C. S. Rolls at Monmouth

***

The Leading "12"

The Rover, true blue, all-red, and British to the backbone except for the magneto, issues its new or 1915 edition at the price which, in conjunction with the car's sterling mechanical qualities, its bodily comfort, and the amplitude of its equipment, made it the outstanding success of the past year in its own department. There are no radical changes; but the refinement of domed wings, the elimination of 7 feet of soldering in the radiator by a method that is a complete guarantee against leakage, the addition of a pump in the water-circulation to improve the cooling system, a slight reduction in compression to secure an even more sweetly turning engine, and a counter-balancing improvement in the valves to maintain horse-power—these changes add to its virtues and its utilities. The 12 h.p. Rover was always a great car in its class. The 1915 edition easily maintains it in its forefront place.

***

Things That Matter

What some irreverent fellow described as the bar stangled spanner has not taken in any of its ample canvas, despite the war. The English Ford Company announce a sale during October of well over 500 cars in the United Kingdom alone.

***

The new 10 h.p. four-cylinder Swift has arrived in the new London showrooms at 132-134, Long Acre. Surely a car to see and try. Really an exceptionally fine small car.

TO FORD OWNERS.—The Claudel-Hobson special carburettor set for Fords, price £5 5s., increases power and reduces consumption. Once set never requires alteration.—H. M. HOBSON, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.

Re-treading Charges also Reduced.
Please send for Full List.

THE PALMER TYRE LTD.,
119, 121, 123, Shaftesbury Avenue,
LONDON, W.C.

PALMER
(ORIGINATORS OF THE THREE-RIB TREAD)
CORD TYRES

have always been excellent value, by reason of the mileages they give, and the petrol they save. With the REDUCED PRICES now in force, they represent a money-saving investment that no motorist can afford to ignore.

Nominal Sizes in Millimetres.	Ribbed Cover.	Metal Studded Cover.	Special Moulded Jointless Tube.
710 x 90 ..	£3 15 0	—	£0 16 6
760 x 90 ...	3 18 6	£5 0 0	0 17 6
810 x 90 ...	4 7 6	5 10 0	0 18 6
765 x 105 ...	5 0 0	6 2 6	1 2 6
815 x 105 ...	5 10 0	6 12 6	1 5 0
875 x 105 ...	6 5 0	7 17 6	1 7 0
820 x 120 ...	8 0 0	9 10 0	1 10 0
880 x 120 ...	8 10 0	10 0 0	1 12 6
920 x 120 ...	9 0 0	10 10 0	1 15 0
895 x 135 ...	10 10 0	12 5 0	1 17 6
935 x 135 ...	11 5 0	13 0 0	2 0 0
915 x 175 ...	15 0 0	17 10 0	3 10 0

Just Published in a Permanent and Handsome Form by "THE GRAPHIC."

SIR JOHN FRENCH'S DESPATCHES.

Official Story of Mons, the Marne and the Aisne, Illustrated by 10 Specially Drawn Maps, and including

THE ROLL OF HONOUR

Of Officers and Men of 113 Regiments mentioned by General French.

Everyone is interested in and affected by the War, and our endeavour has been to give the

Official Story in Permanent and Beautiful Form.

The book is oblong, size 10in. x 8in., printed on the finest hand-made paper, the cover a thick antique grey, the whole bound with a purple or other suitable ribbon, forming at once an absolutely correct and handsome record of the War as told by the British Commander-in-Chief to Lord Kitchener.

The Maps have been specially drawn for this publication by Mr. G. F. Morrell, whose War maps have been such a wonderful success in "The Graphic" since the War began. They Illustrate each phase of the Despatches, and are beautifully printed.

PRICE SIXPENCE NET.

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Special Staff of Artists,
Photographers and Correspondents
are with the various Armies, and an up-to-date and accurate service of news and pictures appears each day in
The "DAILY GRAPHIC"
Offices: Tallis House, Whitefriars, E.C.

The leading Musicians testify to the fact that

CRAMER PIANOS

British made.
Established in London, 1824.

HAVE "AN IDEAL TONE."

A Cramer Piano can be purchased for 24 Guineas and upwards.
139, New Bond Street, W., and 46, Moorgate Street, E.C.

The **FRENCH** Natural Mineral Water

VICHY-CÉLESTINS

for disorders of the LIVER: GOUT, GRAVEL, DIABETES, RHEUMATISM and all ailments arising from Uric Acid.

N.B.—The Springs are situated in FRANCE in the department of the Allier, and are the property of the

FRENCH GOVERNMENT

Can be obtained at all Chemists, Grocers, Wine Merchants, Stores and Hotels throughout the world.

D. A. Ltd.

Where are You Going for Christmas?

SOME RAILWAY PROGRAMMES FOR THE HOLIDAYS

ONE of the most noticeable things in the life of the nation since the war broke out has been the admirable way in which our railways have been conducted. Temporary dislocations have been caused here and there by mobilisation, but as a rule the wheels of traffic have run as smoothly over our iron roads as in peace time. And now that Christmas is coming the railways are making every preparation for "Holidays as Usual." They know their public, and they evidently expect that the Christmas exodus is not going to "shut down" because England is at war. It is a most reassuring sign of national *sang-froid*.

Who Goes South?

There may be a good many who want to, but can't, but for those who can—and their name is legion—the Brighton Line (so called for short) is putting its best foot foremost. The "extra turns" on the time-table for Brighton, Eastbourne, the Isle of Wight, and other delectable South Coast resorts on the Thursday of Christmas week include convenient late trains as well as hourly expresses to Brighton throughout the day, while for the business man's journey back there will be frequent fast trains from the South on the Sunday as well as on the Monday. As for the matter of cheap tickets, the list of them is so comprehensive that it cannot be enumerated, but on application to the Superintendent, L.B. and S.C.R., London Bridge, a concise little programme telling you all you want to know will be forthcoming.

RUIN!

GERMANIA: "Is this what you've brought me to?"

MILITARISM: "You dry up. I'll bayonet *you* next if you're not careful!"

The Kentish Coast and Round About It

Late trains on the Thursday night are also a feature of the South Eastern and Chatham Company's holiday programme, which can be had for the asking at any of the Company's London depôts. There are quite a number of places on this line both on the coast and inland for which one can set out from London in the "wee sma'" hours of Christmas morning. The Christmas Day service will be as on Sundays, with one or two extra trains thrown in, and on Boxing Day cheap day excursions, as might be expected, will be the *pièces de résistance*.

Up North

All over the Great Northern Company's system, which stretches (with ramifications) from London right away into Bonnie Scotland, you will find that you can "get there"—wherever "there" is—and back, at Christmas time at rates which will make you experience the joys of an economical woman at a bargain sale. Get one of the Company's programmes from any G.N. station or office or write for one to the Superintendent of the Line, Dept. P 33, G.N.R., King's Cross, and see for yourself. You will find that your particular destination is one of over 500 to which excursion rates are applicable, and on the G.N.R. the word "excursion" possesses none of its old-time terrors, for you travel in comfort in properly warmed and ventilated corridor trains with (in the case of the longer journeys) a restaurant-car close handy.

Healthy Rivalry

The North and Midlands are certainly lucky in being so well served by those of our lines who have made good their claim to be described as "big." The Great Central, likewise serves 500 different destinations, which can be reached in the acme of railway comfort at figures which make you wonder "how they do it"—for the G.C. fares really are extremely low. Special night trains for the busy man who has to work up to late on Christmas Eve are one of the features of this enterprising Company's holiday "A.B.C.," which can be obtained at all G.C.R. town offices and agencies, or post free from Publicity Department, 216, Marylebone Road, W.

East Anglia Inter Alia

The Great Eastern Railway are this year offering improved facilities to those desirous of spending the Christmas holiday with their friends in East Anglia by the running of mid-day and evening excursions from London on Christmas Eve, when no less than seven midnight trains will be run from Liverpool Street to various parts of the Eastern Counties. On Christmas Day, with certain exceptions, the ordinary Sunday train service will be in force, and special trains will also be run on many of the branch lines in connection with trains from and to London. The service will also be augmented on December 22 and 23.

South and West

The London and South Western Railway deal so largely in "period" excursions at all times and seasons that it is hardly necessary for them to supplement to any great extent these customary "period" excursions during Christmas week. But on December 24 there are a couple of extra trains at excursion and cheap week-end rates running to most of the favourite resorts served by the S.W.R. in the South and the West, and on Christmas Day the ordinary Sunday service will be augmented. We may be sure that there will be plenty of people ready to avail themselves of these facilities, about which they can obtain fuller information by calling at any of the company's offices or writing to the Superintendent of the Line at Waterloo.

The "West Countrie" and Beyond

The Great Western Railway's programme only reached us just as we were engaged in sending this page to press, but this hardly matters, for the Great Western is such a favourite with the pleasure-seeker both in winter and summer that we need only mention that its excursion list is as imposing and attractive as ever. The further you want to go the earlier (naturally) you want to start, and consequently the schedule of Wednesday, December 23, embraces the Emerald Isle as well as all the principal "outposts" in South Wales and the West of England. Thursday is, of course, the big day—anywhere and everywhere you please on the company's system this side of the Irish Channel, and on Christmas Day and Boxing Day excursions to all sorts of desirable places are—like Charlie's Aunt—still running.

Wilson & Gill

"THE GOLDSMITHS"

141, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.

WILSON & GILL'S "SERVICE" WRISTLET WATCH WITH LUMINOUS RADIUM SPOTS AND HANDS

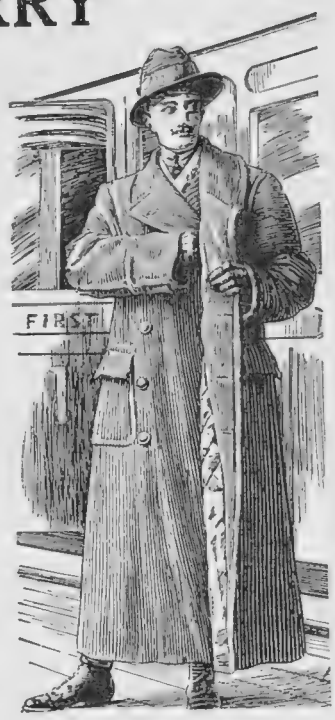
WILSON & GILL'S LUMINOUS RADIUM WATCH IS STRONGLY RECOMMENDED FOR USE OF MEN ON ACTIVE SERVICE SOLID SILVER, 45/-

WILSON & GILL'S NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF CHRISTMAS PRESENTS POST FREE.

THE RUSITOR
BURBERRY

Engenders a luxurious feeling of warmth and protection that survives the worst assaults of winter weather, and combines the snug comfort of a dressing gown with the external attributes of distinction demanded by good taste.

The Rusitor is built in soft, fleecy wool coatings, with the body part—where warmth is most needed — thickly quilted, whilst the skirts are left unlined to allow perfect freedom when walking



Illustrated Catalogue & Patterns Post Free

Genuine Burberry garments are labelled "Burberrys"

BURBERRYS Haymarket LONDON

8 & 10 Boul. Malesherbes PARIS; and Provincial Agents

SOUTH EASTERN & CHATHAM RAILWAY.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24.
SPECIAL LATE TRAINS.

Leaving	Midnight	Midnight
Charing Cross ..	12 15	12 20
Waterloo	12 17	12 22
Cannon Street ..	12 ½2	12 27
London Bridge ..	12 28	12 34
New Cross	12 37	12 43
Arriving	a.m.	a.m
Sevenoaks.....	..	1 18
Tonbridge	1 21	1 31
Tunbridge Wells	1 34	..
Bexhill	2 23	..
W. St. Leonards	2 20	..
St. Leonards	2 25	..
Hastings	2 30	..
Paddock Wood ..	..	1 43
Maidstone	..	2 35
Ashford..... ...	..	2 22
Canterbury W. ..	..	2 45
Ramsgate Town..	..	3 20
Margate Sands ..	..	3 38
Shorncliffe	..	2 49
Folkestone Cl.....	..	2 54
Folkestone Jc. ..	..	2 59
Dover Harbour..	..	3 12

Leaving	Midnight	Midnight	
Charing Cross ..	12 0	12 10	..
London Bridge ..	12 6	..	..
Victoria	..	..	12 40
Holborn	..	..	12 35
St Paul's	..	..	12 36
Herne Hill	..	..	12 50
Arriving		a.m	a.m.
Chatham	..	1 5	..
Sittingbourne	..	1 20	...
Sheerness D.	..	1 35	..
Faversham	a m.	1 35	2 6
Whitstable Town	1 20	..	2 26
Herne Bay	1 28	..	2 35
Birchington	..	..	2 51
Westgate	1 45	..	2 57
Ma gate West....	1 50	..	3 3
Broadstairs	1 58	..	3 13
Ramsgate Harbr.	2 5	..	3 22
Canterbury E. ..	..	..	2 27
Kearsney	..	..	2 52
Dover Priory	..	..	3 0
Dover Harbour ..	..	..	3 5
Martin Mill	..	..	3 10
Walmer	..	..	3 16
Deal	..	..	3 21
Sandwich	..	..	3 30

CHEAP RETURN TICKETS will be issued by these Trains, at the **Week-end Fares,** for Stations to which Week-end Bookings are in force.

CHRISTMAS DAY.—The Ordinary Sunday Service will run, with certain Extra Trains.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26.—Frequent Trains from VICTORIA, HOLBORN (LOW LEVEL) and LUDGATE HILL to the CRYSTAL PALACE (HIGH LEVEL STATION) and *vice versa.*

For full particulars as to Train Services, etc., see Special Train Service Supplement and Holiday Programme.

FRANCIS H. DENT, General Manager.

Brighton and South Coast Railway.

SPEND CHRISTMAS AT
ENGLAND'S SUNNY SOUTH

Good Service of FAST TRAINS from London Bridge, Victoria, Kensington (Addison Road), &c., to the South Coast Resorts. On Christmas Eve fast trains will be run nearly every hour from London to Brighton after 9.0 a.m.

CHEAP PERIOD EXCURSIONS

WILL BE RUN FROM LONDON, AS UNDER:—

THE HOLIDAY TICKET. B		TO	SPECIAL PERIOD TICKETS.	
1st.	3rd.		3rd Class.	
14 0	7 0	**BRIGHTON**	6 6	C
14 0	7 9	**WORTHING** ...	7 0	C
15 0	8 3	**LITTLEHAMPTON**		C
16 6	8 9	**BOGNOR**	7 6	C
17 6	9 6	†**HAYLING ISLAND**	8 0	D
19 0	9 6	**SOUTHSEA** ...		D
		PORTSMOUTH...		D
21 6	11 0	**RYDE**	9 6	D
23 6	12 0	**ISLE OF WIGHT** ...	11 0	D
14 0	7 9	**SEAFORD**	7 0	C
		EASTBOURNE...		C
14 0	8 0	**BEXHILL**	7 6	C
		ST. LEONARDS		C
		HASTINGS ...		C

B—Issued by all trains on December 24th, 25th, 26th and 27th, available for return from December 26th to 29th. But tickets issued on December 24th, 25th and 26th will not be available for return on date of issue. **C**—Issued by certain trains on December 24th, available for return on January 1st or 8th only. **D**—Issued by a specified train on December 24th, available for return by a specified train on December 26th, 27th, 29th, January 1st or 2nd only. † Not on December 25th or 27th.

Cheap Day Return Tickets

Daily to certain stations.

3/0 TRIP TO BRIGHTON & WORTHING will be run on Xmas Day and Boxing Day from London Bridge, Victoria, &c.

For particulars, see Xmas Programme, or apply Superintendent of the Line, L.B. & S.C.R., London Bridge Terminus.

Christmas Shopping Notes

BY
MRS. JACK MAY

The "Root of the Matter"

THE Christmas air pervading the establishment of Daniel Neal is not going to fail us even this year. A more cheery spot than the *salons* in High Street, Kensington, into which to turn on a dull winter day it would be impossible to imagine. The only trouble is to induce the children to come away after they have made acquaintance with the dolls and toys provided to attract their attention from the tiresome—and to them totally unnecessary—task of fitting them up with footgear. Moreover, every child who applies for it is given the "Bubble Booklet," a fascinating treatise on bubble-throwing. All manner of clever schemes are divulged.

The "Root of the Matter" is another brochure dealing with the practical footgear provided by this firm. Daniel Neal is pleased to pack all purchases intended for Christmas presents in special gift-boxes free of charge, with recipient's name written on a tastefully devised card. The steady pursuance of this seasonable attitude very clearly indicates that these individual efforts of the firm have taken a firm hold on the public.

Novelty Gifts at Heal and Son's

Art in its truest sense is the guiding-wheel at this well-known Tottenham Court Road furnishing establishment, and is clearly evidenced in some quite simple inexpensive Christmas gifts for children. A prominent novelty is some delightful Scandinavian work, hand-painted on white enamel. There are dolls' cradles in this fancy, that are perfectly charming, together with many other things equally pleasing to children.

Manufactured in Heal's own workshops are some nursery sets for children in unpolished wood, consisting of a table and two chairs, which have been brought out at the accessible sum of 22*s*., and yet are sufficiently strong to stand the most severe nursery treatment. To the faithful model of a Thames barge, many a boy's heart will warm, for it is a working model complete in every particular, and only Messrs. Heal know how they are able to offer such a splendidly turned-out piece at 50*s*. Then there are wooden howitzers that can be disjointed in the orthodox way, and which shoot a really fair-sized pellet, only 25*s*. There also emanate from the firm's own workshops true copies of our own big guns —exceedingly appropriate with the war-like spirit raging on all sides.

An Aid to Working Parties

The longer the war lasts the greater the demand for shirts for our brave men at the front, and many a bitter lesson has been learned by those possessed of more zeal than experience in endeavouring to tackle unaided the task of cutting-out. At Messrs. Shoolbred's, Tottenham Court Road, where the building of men's shirts is made a study, a capital plan has been organised whereby shirts ready cut out can be bought with collar-band and buttons, and full printed directions how to make, at two prices, 3*s*. 6*d*. and 4*s*. 6*d*. Everyone who has seen these shirts, and they are passing through many hands at numberless working-parties, declare they represent the most satisfactory offer ever made. The patriotic women who have organised working-parties have the twofold satisfaction of feeling that by purchasing these ready cut-out shirts they are assisting a certain home community. Further and fuller particulars can be had from Shoolbreds on application.

PLAY TABLE AND CHILDREN'S CHAIRS
At Messrs. Heal and Son's, Tottenham Court Road

War on German Trade

It is gratifying to note that British-manufactured Helicon is now being extensively prescribed by doctors in place of the German product, Aspirin, whose manufacturers subscribed three million marks to the German War Loan. Helicon is identical with Aspirin in chemical constitution, is guaranteed physiologically pure, and when doctors prescribe Helicon, they make certain that their patients are supporting British enterprise, because the drug, as well as the tablets, are made in England. The ordering of Helicon is the only way of making sure of this.

A Really Patriotic Charity

The work done by Dr. Barnardo's Homes is above all things national and patriotic. Its motto is "For God and Country." The homes gather in the helpless and neglected little ones, nurture and train them, and give back in due time young men and young women of whom the nation may be justly proud. They have sent 702 boys to the Army and Navy; 300 are constantly in training at their Naval School, and Barnardo boys have been in most of the Naval engagements. We feel sure that the British public would wish the charter, "No Destitute Child ever refused Admission," to be maintained. Ten shillings maintains the whole of this work in all its efficiency for one minute. Give yourself the joy of feeling that for at least one minute you are bearing upon yourself the total burden of this national work. Gifts of all kinds, money, clothing, blankets, etc., will be welcomed by the Honorary Director, Mr. William Baker, M.A., LL.B., at headquarters, 18 to 26, Stepney Causeway, London, E.

Where to Find Elvira

In commenting on p. 362 of last week's issue upon the successes achieved by this famous health and beauty specialist, I accidentally omitted to mention her address, so, for the benefit of those of my readers who do not know, I give it now—4*a*, Lower Belgrave St., Victoria, S.W.

Burberry Comforts for Officers

These most serviceable articles of outdoor equipment adequately meet the needs of our brave defenders, and according to their several objects make superb Christmas presents because they are not only luxuriously comfortable, but may be of vital use in preserving health or even life. A weather-proof or British Warm, woven and proofed by Burberrys, should survive the severest war service on land or sea, whilst waistcoats, shirts, hoods, and bivouacs of various patterns, made from the famous Gabardine cloth, are unrivalled for protection, light weight and durability. The Bursac is a newly invented haversack for fixing to the Sam Browne Belt, which for capacity and neatness of attachment is infinitely preferable to the ordinary patterns. For naval officers Burberrys have ready some splendid thick fleece overalls, for wearing under oilskins. These are appropriately called "Husky Suits," being both approved by and largely supplied to the Admiralty. Anyone who knows an officer serving in the North Sea can earn eternal gratitude by sending him one of these

THE
BYSTANDER
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No. 576.—Vol. XLIV. Wednesday, December 16, 1914 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

Telephone: 37 GERRARD.

HAMPTON & SONS

ESTATE AGENTS AUCTIONEERS VALUERS

PRICE ONLY £1,300.

CORNWALL.

(ON THE DEVON BORDERS, WITHIN EASY REACH OF LAUNCESTON AND TAVISTOCK.)

TO BE SOLD, THE ABOVE EXCELLENT RESIDENCE AND 4 ACRES.

Outer and inner halls, 3 excellent reception rooms, 8 best bedrooms, and additional dressing and servants' bedrooms, bathroom, and good offices.

DELIGHTFUL PLEASURE GROUNDS,

with fine old trees, walled kitchen garden, orchard, etc. Station 2 miles, village 1 mile.

Full details HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

ON HIGH GROUND. GRAVEL SUBSOIL.

SUSSEX.

IN A VERY LOVELY PART.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED, UNFURNISHED, OR SOLD, this picturesque old-fashioned RESIDENCE, surrounded by very pretty grounds and situate ¼ mile from road: lounge hall, 2 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, bathroom, and usual offices. Good cottage. Garage. Acetylene gas.

SHADY GROUNDS OF 1½ ACRES.

Tennis lawn, flower and kitchen gardens, paddocks, etc., in all ABOUT 15 ACRES. Good hunting. Golf.

PRICE, WITH 15 ACRES AND COTTAGE, ONLY £2,600. (Would be Sold with less Land.)

RENT, UNFURNISHED, FOR HOUSE, GROUNDS, AND GARAGE, £80 PER ANNUM.

Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

HUNTING. GOLF.

PRICE ONLY £2,000.

SHROPSHIRE

(within few miles of Shrewsbury).

TO BE SOLD, THIS INTERESTING

JACOBEAN RESIDENCE, BUILT ABOUT 1630,

standing in 2 ACRES of old grounds, with good views, and containing: hall, 3 reception rooms, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, usual offices. Stabling for 3. Company's water. Tennis lawn and kitchen garden.

HUNTING WITH NORTH SHROPSHIRE HOUNDS.

GOLF IN DISTRICT.

Apply, HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

ADJOINING GOLF LINKS.

ON THE SUSSEX COAST.

MAGNIFICENT VIEWS OF THE CHANNEL AND DOWNS.

This unique Residence is exceptionally well built, whilst the interior arrangements are quite a feature.

FOR IMMEDIATE SALE, this choice PROPERTY, containing: hall, charming drawing and dining rooms, 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, complete offices.

RADIATORS. COMPANY'S WATER. MAIN DRAINAGE. GAS. TELEPHONE.

Electric light available. Grounds of about 4 acres, with terrace, kitchen garden, etc.

N.B.—The Residence would be sold with less land if desired.

Full particulars and other photos of the Agent, HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

Offices: 3, COCKSPUR STREET, PALL MALL, S.W. *Branch Office at Wimbledon.*

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London."
TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (3 lines)

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

Offices: 20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W., and 100, Princes Street, Edinburgh.

Also New York, Winnipeg, Sydney, Victoria (B.C.) and Buenos Ayres

EXCELLENT HUNTING DISTRICT. 2 MILES FROM GOLF LINKS.

OXFORD (near).—To be SOLD, this attractive brick and stone built RESIDENCE, situated 365ft. above sea level in a healthy district, amidst delightful surroundings; carriage drive and lodge: lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, conservatory, 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and usual offices; electric light, Company's water, main drainage; ample stabling; well-timbered pleasure grounds, including tennis and croquet lawns, shrubberies, herbaceous borders, summer-house and kitchen garden, in all about 4 acres.—Further particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (5,399)

TO BE LET, FURNISHED, UNFURNISHED, OR SOLD.

11 miles from Marble Arch. 500ft. above sea level; gravel soil.

CHARMING OLD FASHIONED RESIDENCE, standing on a hill and commanding magnificent views. Accommodation: 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 14 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; electric light, main drainage, Company's water; stabling and cottages; tastefully laid-out grounds studded with fine specimen trees and affording charming walks; tennis lawns, 9-hole putting course, croquet lawn, paddock, in all about 20 acres.—Further particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, Hanover Square, W. (4,734)

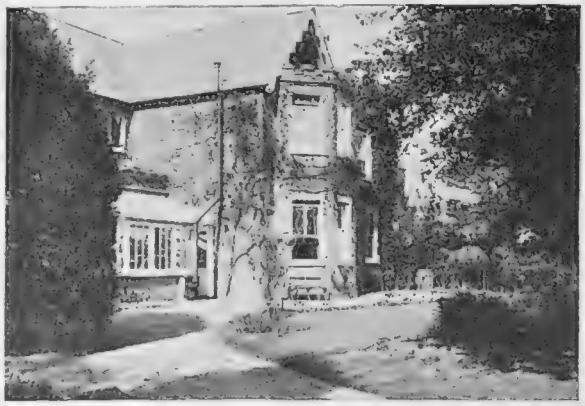
SUSSEX (HEATHFIELD DISTRICT), within 1 mile of golf links.

£1,500 WILL PURCHASE a pretty creeper-clad RESIDENCE, situated 500ft. above sea level, with delightful views. It contains: 3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; ELECTRIC LIGHT throughout; stabling and motor house; large garden with tennis lawn, conservatory, fruit and kitchen garden and meadow-land, in all nearly 2¾ acres.—Particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (7,664)

KENT (27 miles from Town).

PICTURESQUE COTTAGE RESIDENCE, situated on outskirts of a village in a perfectly rural position. It contains: 3 reception rooms, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and usual offices. ELECTRIC LIGHT. Company's water; garage and stabling; picturesque well-wooded gardens, including tennis court and productive kitchen garden, in all nearly 6 acres.—Further particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (7,925)

BETWEEN GUILDFORD AND WOKING. Near golf course.



THIS OLD FASHIONED RESIDENCE TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED, or SOLD. It stands in pretty well timbered grounds of over 2 acres, and contains: entrance hall, dining and drawing rooms, study, conservatory, 7 bedrooms and bathroom; Company's gas and water; main drainage; stabling for 2, coachhouse. The grounds are a feature and include lawns, flower garden and paddock.—Further particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Sq., W. (7,842)

40 MINUTES SOUTH OF LONDON.

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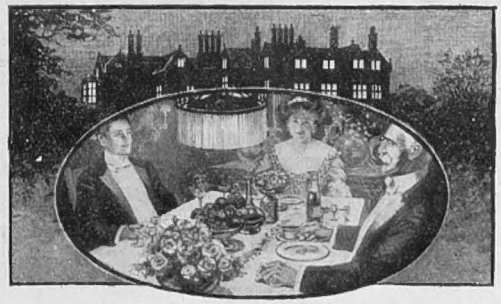

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Colcannon

Red Cabbage Stewed

Strip off the outer leaves of a red cabbage, wash it, and cut it into the thinnest slices possible, beginning from the top. Put it in a stewpan, with 2 oz. of melted butter; add pepper and salt, and stew it very slowly in its own juice, stirring it frequently and pressing it down. When quite tender, add a tablespoonful of vinegar, and mix up thoroughly; put the cabbage in a hot dish, and serve fried sausages round it.

Creamed Parsnips

Boil and peel some parsnips, cut them into slices, and after putting a little butter on the slices, lay them in a vegetable dish and pour over them a cupful of white sauce. Season to taste, and serve very hot.

Potatoes à la Milanese

Take as many potatoes as are required. Choose large ones, bake them till soft, then cut off the tops and scoop out the insides. Rub the potato through a sieve, and add a tablespoonful of grated cheese, pepper, and salt. Melt 1 oz. of butter in a stewpan, stir in the potatoes, and make it hot, then fill the cases with it, and put them in the oven for a few minutes. Serve very hot.

Jerusalem Artichokes a l'Italienne

Wash and peel the artichokes, shaping them neatly. Put 2 oz. of butter in a stewpan, and when it has melted put in the artichokes. Season with pepper, salt, and a good squeeze of lemon-juice, pour a quarter of a pint of gravy over them, put the lid on, and simmer for half an hour, basting them occasionally. They should colour a deep yellow. Serve them with a thick white sauce poured over them.

Stewed Beetroot

Boil a beetroot until it is tender, and let it remain till cold, then peel and cut it into slices, and stew it for a little while in some gravy. Thicken this with a teaspoonful of cornflour and two tablespoonfuls of cream, and stir in quickly, as you take it off the fire, a tablespoonful of Chilli vinegar.

Colcannon

Mix in about equal proportions some nicely mashed potatoes and some Brussels sprouts or cabbage, which have been boiled till quite tender, and chopped up. Mash all up thoroughly together; add a seasoning of pepper and salt, a piece of butter, and a spoonful or two of milk; put a small raw onion in the middle of all, and stir over the fire till very hot and sufficiently dry to be put into a mould and turned out. The onion must be taken out before the dish is served.

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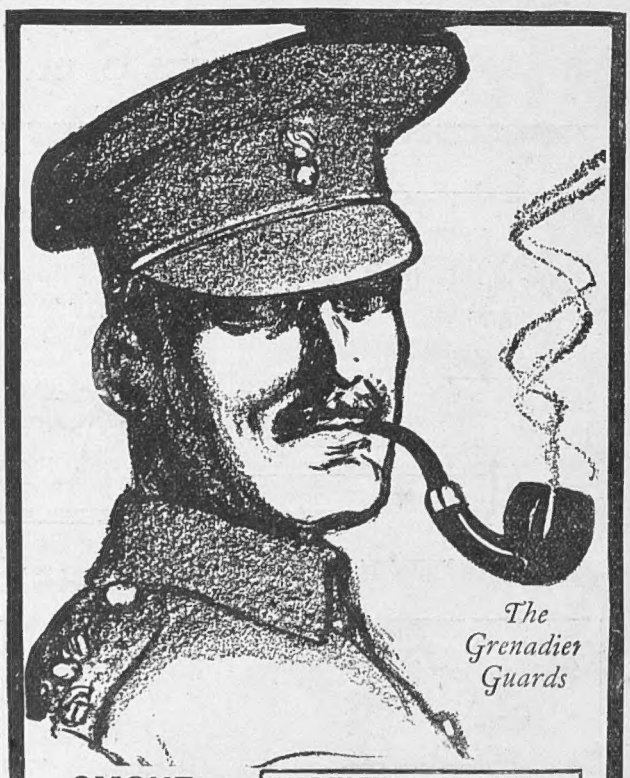

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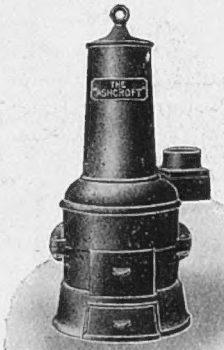

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